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JOHN BULL

VOL. XXIV. NO. 635. SATURDAY, AUGUST 3, 1918. TWOPENCE.

[Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper.]

Edited by HORATIO BOTTOMLEY

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Violet Vanbrugh's Advice

in regard to

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15th July, 1918.

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I regard them as a great advance on the former German preparations and worthy alike to complement British chemists on the allied and defence employed to produce a cure which replaces enemy articles.

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Yours sincerely,

Violet Vanbrugh

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JOHN BULL

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Without Fear or Favour, Rancour or Rant.

Come the three corners of the world in arms,
And we shall shock them.

Naught shall make us rue,
If Britain to itself do rest but true.

Vol. XXIV. No. 635. Week ending Saturday, August 3rd, 1918. Twopence.

"THE WORLD, THE FLESH, AND THE—*KAISER.*"

[The Editor discourses upon passing events and topics of the day.]

The Fourth.

Sunday next is the Fourth of August—the Day of Remembrance, most people are calling it. We prefer to call it Freedom Day—*Our* Day; and, as it happens, the Lord's Day.

The General Election.

The scribes are speculating as to the date. Here it is: It will come after the first piece of good war news we get after October 1st—the date on which the new Register will be ready.

"Come On, Japan!"

That has been our cry for many months past, and now she is coming—*via* Siberia. Not yet is Russia wholly lost.

Divorce Law Reform.

What has become of the new Bill? Has it gone the way of the one *we* introduced when we were in the House?

Prize Money.

Now that the huge sum in hand has been apportioned to the various claimants, can't Jack have his bit without further delay? He has been very patient.

John Burns!

If his recent outbreak in Parliament is one of the effects of his four years of quiet meditation, the sooner he returns to Battersea Park the better. Blatant vulgarity is not statesmanship. Besides, others can do it better.

Food for All.

It is comforting to learn that, thanks to America, our food supply is secure. But never again, after the war, must we be dependent on *any* outside source.

The Luxury Tax.

This will want very careful watching. To assess the tax on the total price of an article of necessity just because it is expensive is rubbish. You must first fix the standard price, and then put the tax on the balance.

Mr. Asquith.

Rumour is again busy with the name of the ex-Premier as a member of the Coalition Government. Of course, if Mr. Lloyd George could induce his predecessor, and only Parliamentary rival, to go to the Woolsack——!

Jury Reform.

It is quite right that during the war the size of Juries should be reduced. But there are two other simple reforms which ought to be part of the Bill—the verdict of the majority, and the disqualification of aliens. We once had a case where the foreman was a German who could scarcely speak English!

Legalising Lotteries.

Good luck to the little Bill just introduced into Parliament "to legalise in certain cases Lotteries promoted by war charities"! But why not add "and for the purpose of raising subscriptions to Government War Loans"?

Bravo, Lords!

There can be no doubt that on the Alien question, at any rate, the Lords are much more in accord with public opinion than are the Commons. Strange if one result of the war should be to make the Upper House the democratic Chamber!

The "Hidden Hand."

By the way, we note that the Lord Chancellor, speaking for the Government, denies the existence of the Hidden Hand in our midst. Let him follow the example of the Minister of Munitions, and either go himself or send a representative to the play, under that title, now running in London.

More Marconi.

We haven't followed the details of the Marconi case. As a matter of fact, we have had too much Marconi, and we always now give it a miss. But now that it is over, Major Simon will be able to get back to the front; and so the war won't last much longer.

Maid of All Work.

We noticed, however, that Sir Charles Hobhouse was called upon to define his duties when "Chancellor of the Duchy"—one of the sinecures of the old Cabinet system. "Maid of all work" is the correct description—and mistress of none!

First "B. G." Candidate.

By the way, it was when Sir Chas. Hobhouse secured that job that we sent out, against him, our first Business Government candidate, in the person of our contributor, Mr. Walter Moore—who gave the right hon. gentleman a rare shaking up.

Breaking Oaths.

Another interesting feature of the case, by the way, was the appearance of Mr. McKenna in the box to disclose certain Cabinet proceedings—"*Mr. Asquith* having given him permission to break his oath of secrecy." We always thought an oath was a sacred thing. Apparently, however, any ex-Prime Minister is at liberty, whenever it may suit his purpose, to reveal the secrets of the Council.

Five Shilling Notes.

The *Express* says they are *not* coming. What about that fifty millions' worth already printed?

More Names Wanted.

We mean of those who acted as sponsors for persons of enemy origin, naturalised since the outbreak of war. We must see to it.

Capital and Labour.

We gather that the Big British Commonwealth Union is now fixed up and is about to be publicly launched. It should mark an epoch in the industrial history of this country.

India.

In Heaven's name, don't let us waste any time just now over Indian "Home Rule." The "Indian" M.P.s are the dullest dogs in the House, whilst the subject is one of the most difficult of the problems with which after the war, we shall be confronted. Till then, it will keep.

Littlehampton's Little Vicar.

Littlehampton has a little Vicar. He got the job after the living had been declared vacant by the Bishop because the incumbent insisted upon joining up—all honour to him! But before he got it several decent parsons had declined to filch the good man's post.

Our Hat and Our Boot.

And now this little Vicar is very angry because the Embarkation Officer, Major Westmacott—in connection with an effort for local war charities, which has yielded nearly £200—was wicked enough to arrange a ladies' cricket match between church hours on a recent Sunday. We raise our hat to the gallant Major—and our boot to the blackleg parson.

Eating It Up!

The Court of Appeal has just decided that a bequest for the sacrament of masses is illegal. We are not concerned with the soundness of the decision—which we venture to question—but with the fact that six counsel were engaged, in two Courts, all over a butler's legacy of £500. We guess it wouldn't very much have mattered *who* won!

A Dud Committee.

We are not impressed with the constitution of that "Sub-committee of the Select Committee on National Expenditure," which has just reported, once more, on certain matters connected with the Ministry of Munitions. It consists of four persons, every one of whom, we believe, is a lawyer; and has blundered badly in the British Cellulose Company—which we are not surprised to hear has called for a judicial inquiry

A Mocking Label.

Is it true that Hun prisoners engaged on farm work in a Kentish district are driven to their duties daily in a brake with "Victor" painted on the side? A few strokes of a tar-brush, suitably disposed, would furnish a more appropriate ensign.

Silly!

The *Church Times* says there is a tendency to discredit laymen who take an interest in ecclesiastical matters; "as if no sensible man cared for these things—and as if the ideal Englishman were Mr. Horatio Bottomley. Nothing, of course, could be more silly." More silly than what?

The Ministry.

The Ministry now consists of ninety-one members. The suggestion of Lord Henry Bentinck, in the House of Commons the other night, was that Mr. Bonar Law should "lead them against the Germhuns." If he will make more earnest inquiry, he will find they prefer to be led to the cash box.

"Chorus, Gentlemen, Please!"

Eleven and four-score of us,
Do hear the snore of us,
Heaven send no more of us—
God save the King!

Passports Refused.

It is difficult to understand why Passports are refused to women anxious to journey out to the Colonies. Official reasons vouchsafed us are the tonnage question and war-risks. But would-be travellers are willing to face the war-risks, and outward-bound boats are not loaded with food. Many women suffer by a compulsory stay in Great Britain, and there seems no valid excuse for it.

On the Line.

One way in which the railway companies could and should be better managed is connected with a waste of man-power. Take the Locomotive Department of the Great Northern Railway. It sends an engine driver to take a train one way on a certain journey. When it is completed, he often makes the journey back as a passenger, with another man on the engine. And that sounds stupid. We thought our great railways strove to be the last word in efficiency and economy!

The Angelus.

This from an American journal: "Beginning next week, all the church bells in Washington will be rung at the noon hour each day, reminding the people of the city that they should stop and pray for the success of the nation in the war. All Churches, regardless of creed or belief, are participating in the movement." Sounds like an echo of our plea for the revival of "the Angelus," and, whatever may be thought of the direct efficacy of prayer, none can deny that it is a beautiful idea.

Ask a Policeman!

One Hastings policeman is an adept at making hay when the night falls. A young sailor, returning from leave and obliged to spend the night in Hastings, asked that constable where he could get a bed. The alert cop. took him to his own house, whither he had already steered another youngster. The twain slept in one bed, they had an ordinary supper and a small breakfast, and the policeman's wife did them down for 5s. apiece. It was all the money the sailor boy had. But she took it.

Go It, Canucks!

Congratulations to the Baseball Team of the Canadian Reserve Artillery who, the other day at Whitley Camp, beat the crack American team—which recently played before the King—at their own game. We are always pleased to say a good word for the Dominion after her splendid record in the war.

Salisbury Plain.

Fitters, moulders, steam-engine drivers, and other skilled men have been hanging out on Salisbury Plain "for months and months and months." They belong to the M.T., A.S.C., they have not done five minutes' work in their own trade, but are kept on fatigues—not because that is necessary, but just to give them something to do to pass the idle hours away. Somebody is guilty of wasting good men.

Calling the Dead.

The careless indecency of calling-up dead men continues. One poor fellow of Walthamstow hobbled on two sticks to his medical examination—and died a fortnight later. That was last year. The notice for him to rejoin for service has now reached his widow and his six little orphans. And a young soldier is troubled with the demand for his father's attendance for examination. For more than two years the father has been at rest in Maidstone Cemetery. This is cold cruelty.

A Threatened Scandal.

We notice that Superintendent Derham, of the Blackpool Police—who is such an admirer of Prussian methods that he recently charged a sick man with malingering, and stood him on his head because "they did it in Berlin"—has been promoted "Acting" Chief Constable during the vacancy of that office. We have no hesitation in saying that it will be a disgrace to all concerned if this fellow is appointed to the vacant post—to say nothing of the addition to our duties that would be involved in watching his behaviour.

War and Water.

Some people think we haven't yet won the war because we go to Sunday cinemas and listen to Sunday bands and cultivate Sunday potatoes; others because our flappers do over much flapping and our soldiers too much roamin' in the gloamin'; and now here is a professional pietist, of the name of Chadwick, declaring at the Wesleyan Conference that "the drink traffic stands in the way." Well, we will make this offer to the Conference. Let the pumpuritans form a new army and undertake to finish the war before Christmas, or hang themselves, and we won't drink another drop.

"Let There Be Light"—

Especially when it comes to weighing cheese. Information we have from Liverpool is that one of the reasons for Government-imported cheese going light on the scales is the unsuitable storage conditions in that city. The allegation is that the cheese is, or was, stored with old rags and cotton-wool. The effect is "wicked loss of weight," the cheese sweating and sticking fast in the boxes, "which must be broken into small pieces" before the contents can be removed. Last month there was a lot of cheese out of condition on the quay-side in Liverpool, and this despite the fact that the Butter and Cheese Import Committee of the Minstry of Food have now "taken over the distribution of imported cheese and employ their own permanent officials!"

In the Tripe Trade.

In Shrewsbury is an able-bodied young man, formerly in the Territorials and Yeomanry, now carrying on a business that used to belong to his father, a German. It is a tripe and gut trade, and, not being called up, the man flourishes. His rival in the line is handicapped because his two sons are soldiers. There ought to be an easy way of protecting the interests of that English father and his sons.

A Widow's Plea.

Let us tell it in her own simple words: "The Government claimed my husband for munition work. Through travelling daily, and the close confinement and long hours for 2½ years, he contracted gastritis, which developed into diabetes. I am left a widow, with two little children, one 2 years old, one 11 months." Surely that distressing case is one for the Prince of Wales Fund, and the Ministry of Munitions should see that it is properly put forward.

Sulky Huns.

It appears that a party of Hun prisoners-of-war, sent to work on a Devonshire farm, had the cheek to go on "strike" for more wages and a bigger cider ration. Most amazing was the attitude of the Home Office. "You will bear in mind," wrote Sir George Cave's Department, "that there is no power to compel these aliens to work—therefore, unless employers treat these men in a manner likely to secure willing service, they will probably have to forego this alien labour." No doubt the farmers will be grateful for this admonition.

A Guardians' Blunder.

A poor fellow lying ill in the Poor Law Infirmary at Sheffield complains that the Guardians have refused his wife and children a shilling or two of outdoor relief, although, with strange inconsistency, they are willing to take the family into the Workhouse. The ostensible ground of this curious decision is that the father was never a householder in Sheffield. But surely if, with a little assistance from the Guardians, the woman is able to earn her own living, it is better for all concerned that she should do so.

Disappointing the Wounded.

It was a pity that the wounded soldiers who gathered at the Savoy Theatre a few Sundays ago should have had their journey for nothing. Owing to an outbreak of influenza among the artistes, the proposed concert had to be abandoned at the last moment, the only intimation of the fact being an advertisement in a Sunday newspaper, which most of the men seemed to have missed. We understand that some of the wounded waited outside the theatre for an hour, being very much "done up" in consequence. A telegram to the hospitals would have saved trouble.

More Call-up Muddling.

Even now they have not quite left our friend Mr. Etteridge alone. Since the experiences which we recently recounted, he has had some courteous notes from the Secretary of the Ministry of National Service in Bristol, who finally accepted the evidence of a birth certificate that Mr. Etteridge was born in 1853, and stated that his calling-up notice had been cancelled. And then, lo and behold! he got a printed notice from Recruiting H.Q., College Green, Bristol, to the effect that his calling-up notice was suspended, and that he would be notified in due course if and when required to report. Oh, Jimini!

Sports for the Boys.

We are glad to learn that an effort is being made to secure the disused tea huts and a few acres of the ground in Kensington Gardens for cricket, tennis and other sports for wounded soldiers. Tommy, wounded, cannot live on "pictures" alone.

The Old Crocks.

We cite the following case, not as extraordinary, but as one of many. The man is over 51, and carries on a business single-handed. One son has been killed, two are in France, one is on aeroplane work, the other is not yet 18. When medically examined he, the oldest man of the batch, was passed Grade 2. About a dozen younger men were passed Grade 3. Thus are small business men, who have parted with their flesh and blood, broken up.

Killing a Cat.

To trample on a cat's head until its skull is fractured does not strike us as the most humane way of killing the animal, but perhaps we are too squeamish in these matters. At any rate, the R.S.P.C.A. declined to prosecute Police-Sergeant Titmus, of the Warwickshire Constabulary, who had chosen this method of slaughtering an injured kitten; while at the Alcaster County Court, His Honour Judge Ingham declined damages to the owner of the animal. We notice, by the way, that, in the opinion of a veterinary surgeon, the kitten might have recovered from its other injuries if it hadn't had its skull broken. So perhaps the Sergeant's boot wasn't so very humane.

In the Same Trade.

A coal-merchant, in a small way of business, by no means an A man, is ordered into the Army. A coal-merchant in a large way of business in the same town is Chairman of the Tribunal. It is more than regrettable that there should be a clash of trade interests in a body with judicial powers. No member of a Tribunal should sit in judgment in such a case.

Invitation.

"Just a line or two on these new ration books," writes a Middlesbrough tradesman who scorns the name of profiteer. "If you have time just have a walk round among a few shopkeepers, including your own grocer and butcher, and ask their opinion of the said books." We are much obliged, but the tour suggested is unnecessary. We have heard the language of many of the tradesmen afar off.

Kelp.

Kelp is used in the manufacture of potash. Kelp is made from sea-weed collected by crofters. One crofter had completed his season's collection of weed, his year's supply—enough for him to make ten tons of kelp. They took him into the Army, where he is navvying. Efforts have been made to get him home long enough to make his kelp, badly wanted at the chemical works and by the Potash Controller. But the Military Authorities will not release him temporarily because "he has only been in the Army a very short time"—a good reason for sparing him.

A Humane Appeal.

There are few more patriotic instances of war-time hardship than the case of invalids in receipt of the five shillings a week disablement benefit, furnished by the National Health Insurance Act. In this connection some pitiable stories have reached us. With money at rather less than half its pre-war value, this slender pittance is more miserably inadequate than ever to the needs of chronic sufferers. Can the Government contrive no amelioration of their bitter lot?

How to Bacilli.

When the Food Control starts explaining why it puts up the price of anything for the benefit of the profiteers and the disgruntling of the poor consumer, it is about as awkwardly tragic as a cow in a china shop. Thus about milk. The price hitherto allowed to farmers for milk, it appears, has not encouraged that patriotic body to give it to the public clean, and therefore they are to be at liberty to charge more for first and second grade milk. First, for milk hygienically clean, sealed in bottle, and produced from cows free from tuberculosis; second, for milk produced under specially clean conditions from cows free from tuberculosis. Inferentially, for Grade 3 milk at present prices the farmers are to be at liberty to chuck in all the *bacilli tuberculosis* and muck they please!

A Tip.

If you are going away for the August Bank Holiday, why not win a "Bullets" Holiday Prize of £5, and pay your expenses?

Candid Communications.

This space is devoted to Open Letters to Celebrities, Notorieties and occasionally Nonentities.

To the Right Hon. John Burns, P.C., M.P.

DEAR DEMAGOGUE,—I cannot congratulate you on your vulgar exhibition in the House the other evening, when you thought fit to describe a section of the Press as owned by blackguards and read by fools. If that is the best you can do, I would advise you to maintain the sullen silence you have shown since you ratted from the Government on the outbreak of war, and left to others the task of carrying through the conflict with the Hun. Your friend, Sir John Simon, once tried conclusions with the same Press, and came a nasty cropper. What Mr. Speaker said of you in denouncing your vulgarities is echoed by every decent man. Try to behave. JOHN BULL.

To the Rev. H. Waters, Chairman, Military Tribunal, Sandown, Isle of Wight.

DEAR CHAIRMAN,—What happens to a man when he comes before you is all a matter of luck. A High Street draper, who "honestly felt that his presence was essential to the carrying on of the business," got conditional exemption and relief from the Volunteers. A chemist's manager, with the same "honest feelings" and, as far as I can see, just as good a case, was "not required in Sandown." I could easily multiply such instances. I don't like it at all. JOHN BULL.

To the Right Hon. John Hodge, M.P., Pensions Minister.

DEAR MR. HODGE,—Not long ago a discharged soldier was discovered dead in bed at his house in Fulham. It was a sad case. At the inquest the man's death was found to be due to tuberculosis, although, as a matter of fact, he was discharged from the Army on account of gastric ulcers. On the facts before me, I have very little doubt that the poor fellow's life was materially shortened by the hardships of military service. Yet his widow, I understand, is to go without a pension. Her situation is pitiful. Please look into the case.

JOHN BULL.

To the Right Rev. A. Winnington-Ingram, D.D., Lord Bishop of London.

MY DEAR BISHOP,—You are doubtless aware that by the law of England a man may with perfect propriety marry his deceased wife's sister. Yet a devout Churchman who recently applied to your Registry for a licence for a marriage of this kind was informed that "the Bishop of London feels it absolutely impossible for him to grant a licence in any circumstances for such a marriage." I do not propose to argue the matter upon theological grounds, but it occurs to me that this is a perfectly indefensible attitude for a Church "by law established." To employ a homely metaphor, you can't keep your cake and eat it too.

JOHN BULL.

To Commander H. W. Colomb, R.N., Assistant Administrative Officer, Supply Branch, Air Board.

SIR,—The facts of your letter to the Shoreditch Tribunal on the shirking scandal at Woolwich Arsenal are not new to me. To pretend that these hosts of young men, protected by nepotism and coddled in cowardice, are indispensable to work which they have picked up in days, and at the same time call to the Colours citizens old enough to be their grandfathers, would affront the intelligence of an incurable imbecile. Dare not the Minister of National Service eradicate the scandal? JOHN BULL.

To W. E. Jones, Esq., Chief Constable, Southampton.

DEAR POLICEMAN,—You had better be a little more careful. I am thinking especially of that recent case under the Motor Spirit Restriction Order, in which the decision of the local Magistrates, convicting the defendant and fining him £1, was reversed on appeal to Quarter Sessions with costs against the ratepayers. On the evidence adduced, it was as clear as noonday that no prosecution should ever have been instituted, the defendant having used his car only on Government business. Fact is, you are a lot too fussy. Go easy. JOHN BULL.

To E. E. Phillips, Esq., Chairman, Keynsham Petty Sessions.

DEAR CHAIRMAN,—I see that your dignity was very much hurt because two young ladies, charged with the terrible offence of riding bicycles without lights, did not appear in Court on the hearing of the summonses. You even went to the length of announcing that if the defendants did not appear at the next sessions warrants would be issued for their arrest. It is quite customary for these minor cases to be disposed of in the absence of the defendants. You are far too touchy. JOHN BULL.

To W. Fillingham, Esq., Chairman, Food Control Committee, Crowle.

DEAR SIR,—As the veracious reporter in the local paper has it in his account of your proceedings, the Executive Officer having reported that he had a quantity of sugar in hand returned by householders who had not as much fruit as they anticipated, "a portion of this was allocated among several members of the Committee who were prepared to make additional jam." Sweets to the sweet. Crowle will never waste any food as long as it is able to rely on such noble preservers. Doing yourselves well, I hope? JOHN BULL.

To the Right Hon. Sir F. E. Smith, K.C., M.P., Attorney-General.

MY DEAR "F. E.,"—Mrs. Pankhurst and daughters learn with impatient satisfaction that the Law Officers of the Crown hope to announce at an early date whether or not in their view women may sit as members of the House of Commons without further legislation. For my part, I should have thought that this question would have been considered and decided by the Law Officers centuries ago, but apparently they haven't been in a hurry. Women will be in sooner or later as a matter of course, whatever you think, and I am hoping we shall be there to meet them. So, oh, let us be joyful!

JOHN BULL

STOPFORD PAYS US A VISIT.

AND SCOTLAND YARD AT LAST BEGINS TO GET A MOVE ON.

HERE leginneth Chap. III. of "Vice and the Victim." The War Office Intelligence Department moved, but stopped—the running has been taken up by the Criminal Investigation Department, Scotland Yard, and Stopford—Mr. A. Stopford, otherwise "David"—has paid us a visit. He came, he pretended, to tell us just what he knew about the Scots Guardsman who was arrested in church on his wedding day, and how it was that this private should have been so much in his company. First he wrote a letter in these terms:—

> I haven't the pleasure of knowing you. I have been this afternoon to see you about an article which appeared in last week's number of JOHN BULL. I hoped to be able to give you my version, which differs from what was published, but as I could not see you I would like to say that your interest in the Scots Guardsman is identical with mine, and I think I should have been able to help you.—Yours faithfully,
>
> A. STOPFORD.
>
> P.S.—If you would like to see me, you have only to telephone to me, Carlton Hotel, and I will come.

Well, he arrived, and let us say this—that we give his story just for what it is worth, without withdrawing a word we have written in Chapters I. and II. No, there is one correction—thank God, Stopford is *not* a King's Messenger; he is, we believe, what is called a War Courier. We put it to Stopford that there was something unusual, to say the least of it—we tried to be very polite—in a man holding such a position taking a private in the Guards about with him to restaurants and to his own rooms at the Carlton Hotel. "Ah! I thought you would say that," came the reply, "but a man who went through the revolution in Petrograd loses all sense of social distinction." But why this particular private? Oh, he was only one of many—Stopford of the Carlton Hotel takes a great interest in wounded Tommies, and this one saluted him at the top of the Haymarket one night. But the private was *not* wounded. Well, Stopford said the lad wanted to learn boxing, and so an appointment was made—there were meetings at the Carlton; they dined together, and the would-be boxer was taken to a "Professor."

That chance acquaintance had never asked him for a penny, nor had he ever given him one. Oh! yes, he once got the price of a pair of boots. Boots, when he could draw them from the battalion stores? Ah, now he saw it all—it was because the lad was a deserter. Oh! no, he did not know it at the time. He always came at night when he would be out on leave.

That despairing letter to his wife, quoted in JOHN BULL, telling her to seek the aid of Mr. Bottomley? The lad never wrote that—"He would never do me in." "Never do you in?" "No. Well, he might have written the letter, but my name was inserted by someone else"! [The original letter bears, in the Guardsman's own hand, the name of Stopford as well as that of Samter.] "I liked the boy, and would do anything for him—be a father to him and help him when he comes out." But he had made the gravest and most circumstantial charges. That didn't matter. He was a good fellow, and educated. He could quote Burns by the yard. That was true, for some of the "love" letters mentioned the fact. "No, he would never give me away." Perhaps his comrades were jealous because he was learning boxing and physical culture. He had been gassed—that might be the reason—his mother and father in Scotland were drunkards—that might give a clue. The lad used to ring him up from the Bull Dog Club and make appointments—he never rang the lad up. After all, he knew something about the Guards. His grandfather was in his day Colonel of the regiment. And we may add that that grandfather was a son of the third Earl of Courtown, so that Stopford, who is 58, can claim to be nobly born. And this is the type of man who thinks it a fine thing to go about in the company of privates and who boasts of his acquaintance with them. Stopford was anxious to let us know that he paid us a visit without the knowledge of his solicitors. He had prepared a statement for us after reading Chapter I., but his legal advisers would not let him send it. We are not surprised at their refusal. It should be stated that this interview took place before the publication of Chapter II. of "Vice and the Victim." So far, Stopford's only commentary, in short, is the following note received by post.

> DEAR SIR,—I forgot to tell you in our conversation that the eight months' deserter (?) had a good conduct pass until eleven or midnight, and if you had asked me I could have told you that I am not a King's Messenger. I have nothing whatever to do with the Foreign Office.

Upon that we have only to say that there was nothing to prevent this deserter, who for so long had the protection of debased and degenerate men, carrying a good conduct pass with him—the sneering query cuts no ice. What, really, is Stopford's position? He told us that these charges meant that he could not go abroad on an important mission until they were disposed of—that, in fact, he now had his "back to the wall." We need not say that we are by no means convinced that Stopford's "interest in the Scots Guardsman" is identical with ours. At any rate, thank Heaven ours is not identical with his—and we are now waiting for Chapter IV.

STATE PROFITEERING.

THE HISTORY OF A CROOKED DEAL.

"I am Chairman of the Committee of a large Friendly Society," writes a reader, "with a National Health Insurance Section, the Rules and Provisions of which have been amended and revised, necessitating the issue of amended copies to our members." The simplest matter in the world, it might be thought—but wait and hear. First of all, the Health Insurance authorities in London submitted a 20-page pamphlet for the purpose, and quoted the society £65 for 20,000 copies. Considering this figure much too high, the local people invited tenders from printers in the neighbourhood, one coming out at £29. "We informed the London officials," writes the Chairman, "that we declined to pay £65 for what we could get for £29, and were proceeding with the printing." The next move in the game was a lengthy telegram from the National Health Insurance Commissioners, stating that the copyright of the proposed pamphlet was vested in the Controller of His Majesty's Stationery Office, and might not be reprinted without official permission.

Stranger still was the sequel. In a later wire, the Commissioners intimated that, while no authority could be given for local printing, they were prepared, in view of the objection raised, to supply 20,000 copies of the pamphlet for £35 instead of the £65 originally quoted. The authorities offered no word of apology for what can only be described as an impudent attempt at profiteering on the part of a State Department. By the way, we notice that the Friendly Society in question is one which has enjoyed the patronage of such distinguished persons as Mr. Walter Long, Lord Islington, and the Marquis of Bath. If one of these gentlemen should feel "so disposed," a word of remonstrance at Buckingham Gate might not be out of place.

A CARNATION SHAME.

COAL AND COKE STORED BY NATURALISED GERMANS

The revelations concerning Baron Schroeder's hoard of coal were a shock to the country. We propose to administer more shocks. There are two other fuel consumers, whose accumulated stocks of coal and coke require immediate and salutary attention. Each is, we believe, also a naturalised German. One of these persons is Carl Englemann, of the Horneybrook Nurseries, Saffron Walden; the other is Sir Carl Meyer, of Shortgrove, Newport, Essex. Between them they consume something approaching 1,000 tons per annum of coke and coal, almost entirely for the purposes of cultivating carnations. At Carl Englemann's Nurseries there are at present two huge stacks of coke, containing from 600 to 700 tons. Most of the coke came from the Beckton Gas Works. Some proportion was supplied by the Corporation Gas Works at Saffron Walden. In that town there are six coal-merchants, and between them they have not more than 150 tons of coal to supply 16,000 people. Yet Englemann can keep three wagons and horses busy carting his coke from the rail, and he has, we believe, many tons more on order.

Sir Carl Meyer, at Shortgrove, has twelve glasshouses. By the side of them is a heap of 70 tons of Welsh anthracite coal. His nursery, like Englemann's, is carried on for private profit, but not in his own name. The trade is done in the name of E. Guile, Carnation Nurseries, Newport, Essex. Guile is head gardener to Sir Carl Meyer. In view of the certain severe shortage of coal next winter, the consumption of these enormous quantities of fuel for growing flowers to enrich naturalised Germans is an abominable thing, and we call upon the Coal Controller to take steps at once to see that the coke and coal are put to better use.

MORE LAND HOGGERY.

HIGHLAND DUKE PLAYS DOG IN THE MANGER.

Possibly Highland landlords may not be worse than other landlords; it may be merely that Highland peasants are braver. Anyhow, quick on the heels of the persecution of the men of Tiree comes another case of land tyranny. The ground in question is rough grazing land at East Garty, Port Gower. Much of it is on railway embankments. The land is owned by the Duke of Sutherland, and leased to Mr. Sutherland, a member of the clan. A number of the cottars, seeing this land going to waste, asked the Duke for permission to use these grazings, and offered to pay any reasonable rent he might name. But nothing happened. So the brave cottars took possession of the land. As the result of proceedings in the Sheriff's Court at Dornoch, the cottars were arrested—some being dragged from their beds at five in the morning—and taken away by a squad of police.

The proceedings had been indecently hurried. Counsel telegraphed from Edinburgh to say he had been retained for the defence, and asking for an adjournment to give him time to get to Dornoch. But this most reasonable request was ignored. The cottars—seven aged men and two women (one of them a widow)—were hurriedly brought before the Sheriff-substitute and sentenced out of hand, the men to ten days' imprisonment, the women to one day apiece. And all they had done was to use these idle grazings for their cows. Several of them have sons serving at the Front; they are old, hard-working people who were doing their duty by their country. While the Duke——but, no! we will not waste our anger on him. We invite you to send what money you can to the Highland Land League, 161a, Strand, W.C. 2, to help these brave cottars in their fight against injustice. It is for a good cause.

THE CHOICE.

"Now, my lad, it's one thing or the other—the benches or the trenches!"

MR. SQUEERS IN ST. GEORGE'S.

"BISHOP" McLAGHAN'S DISGUSTING CRÈCHE.

Not even his ancient service as a private in the Army could put the grace of God into the heart of "the Right Rev. Bishop" McLaghan; and his "consecration" by a gang of bogus bishops was for a very different service. For years he gained a substantial income from pseudo charities quartered at 40, Denmark Street, or 154, St. George's Street, St. George's-in-the-East. He has now moved his G.H.Q. to 38, Martha Street, St. George's, and his main stunt appears to be the unsavoury crèche run on these premises, which were formerly a public-house. There have been reports on this place; the Medical Officer of Health has ordered abatement of overcrowding; the Mayoress—Mrs. Reidy, herself has endeavoured to get the crèche shut up—but the "Very Rev. the Bishop" holds on his blissful way.

About 50 children are interned day by day in this inferno, at a charge of 4d. to 6d. a head. Downstairs is an empty room got up neatly for show; upstairs, in the evil-smelling rooms, the poor children squat in their filth. This is no metaphor. There are only pieces of carpet on which the children sit and crawl. Many of the younger children have all their clothes pinned up round their waists, and so the little mites sit, on the boards, or the filthy pieces of carpet, with the lower parts of their bodies bare. They are supposed to be bathed after they arrive in the morning, but, in fact, they merely have their hands and faces washed before the mothers come to fetch them. A favoured few infants are tied in small basket chairs with string or tape. Others lie in pairs in four or five iron cots, placed along one wall, and adorned with undescribable bedding. The "Matron" and her scanty "staff" are quite unable to cope with the management of so many children, however willing they may be. The good "Bishop" lives at Hampstead, and his home is not at all like the Crèche. We want this disgraceful, this disgusting, place shut up; we want the poor children rescued from their foul surroundings, and we want McLaghan called to answer for his unjust but profitable stewardship.

POISONED BY THE R.A.M.C.

ARMY TRAGEDIES WHILE CHEMISTS PUSH BARROWS.

For goodness knows how long, the Pharmaceutical Society has been striving by every means in its power to obtain recognition in the Royal Army Medical Corps of pharmacist-dispensers, who in thousands have been taken into the Army. The shocking death of Cadet Alexander Miller, of the Royal Air Force, emphasises the dangers as well as the scandal of this preposterous outsiding of the pharmacist. At the inquest "the evidence showed that death was caused by carbolic acid poisoning, the acid having been given in mistake for quinine mixture." What lights up this tragic episode with so fierce a glare is that "the fatal dose was given to him by another cadet, a voluntary worker in the hospital"; that he received that carbolic acid from another voluntary worker, a lady, who got it from the corporal at the dispensary, in a sauce bottle labelled "Quinine Mixture"—and that the corporal, who "took the lady to be a nurse," gave her the carbolic under the impression that she wanted it for cleaning and disinfecting purposes. "He did not think about a poison label, being very busy at the time, and used the sauce bottle because bottles were very scarce." And while all this was happening, it is more than probable there were skilled pharmacists mooning around the camp picking up bits of paper, or peeling potatoes. In declaring their verdict of "Misadventure," the jury censured the corporal as "very much to blame," as undoubtedly he was, even granting that *his* proper job in civil life—we are only guessing—was that of cutting somebody's hair.

If another camp hospital corporal, with a civil record as a successful greengrocer, could one of these fine mornings manage another accident by handing out a large dose of laudanum from a beer bottle in mistake for a tot of brandy from a jam jar, and thereby kill or disable for the rest of the war a Brigadier-General, then we should have hopes of the High Panjandrums putting the pharmacists into their right place in the Army.

BREAKING THE BOND.

WAR SAVINGS CERTIFICATES AND WIDOW'S CLAIM.

A working man who died the other day after an operation in the Stamford Infirmary, had a few War Savings Certificates to his credit, and in due course his widow, whose claim to the little "nest-egg" was incontestable, was favoured with this communication from the Money Order Department of the G.P.O.:—

> I beg to inform you that as the holder of the War Savings Certificates in question died in the Stamford Infirmary, the Guardians to whom he was chargeable may have a claim on the Certificates in respect of maintenance, etc. In order, therefore, that your application may be fully considered, it is necessary that you should forward a statement, signed by a responsible officer of the Guardians, setting forth whether they intend to make any claim on the amount.

The fact that, in circumstances of this kind, it is the habit of the War Savings Department to act as debt collectors for Poor Law Guardians will be news for most people. We are curious to know upon what statutory authority the policy of the Department rests. As a matter of fact, the Stamford Infirmary is not a Poor Law institution—but that by the way. As far as we know, the fact that War Savings Certificates are liable to be "garnisheed" in this way has never been officially mentioned in Parliament or elsewhere, while their unconditional security has, on the other hand, been unceasingly emphasised. On the point at issue, Poor Law Guardians have their own means of establishing claims of this kind; while, as the Government may learn to their cost, it is fatally easy to destroy the essential confidence upon which a steady flow of War Loan subscriptions depends.

FAIR PLAY FOR MERCANTILE JACK

SCANDALOUS TREATMENT OF VICTIMS OF THE HUN

Complaints reach us almost every day of the unfair and callous treatment meted out to men employed on merchant ships, transports, and other vessels, either carrying foodstuffs or working under Admiralty Charter. Some vessels' crews come under the Workmen's Compensation Act, some under the Naval Scheme—and in both cases the owners and the Shipping Federation seem to be allowed, when accidents happen, to strangle the efforts of the men or their dependants to get proper compensation. The Shipping Controller should certainly be compelled to issue to every sailor, as he signs on, a paper stating under which set of regulations he comes. Considering all that the seafarers have done in this war, it is up to the country to see that they are fairly dealt with.

We have before us the case of a man whose ship was torpedoed, he himself being blown into the sea and so severely injured that his right leg had to be amputated. After 23 days in hospital he was discharged, leaving his bed two hours before undertaking a compulsory journey of 50 miles. He had to meet the expenses of an attendant, as he could not travel alone, pay train fares, and buy crutches. His wages ceased, in accordance with the present cruel rule, the day his vessel was lost. He was, however, awarded £1 8s. 9d. weekly under the Workmen's Compensation Act, and 8s. 9d. a week under the Government War Risks Scheme. Shortly after his discharge from hospital, he was considered fit to resume his work—how a one-legged man *can* be "fit" to go to sea passes our comprehension, and certainly our correspondent is not. He was informed that he had been assessed under the Naval scale, and his pension reduced to 16s. 6d. a week; and he does not know how long even this will continue, whilst no allowance whatever is made in respect of the poor fellow's wife and children. He naturally asks, "What *is* the position of the maimed merchant seaman?" Such men should be entitled to the same pension as is available for Tommy and Jack—and, God knows, that is little enough!

THE HAND BEH

Work or Fight—Where is Laszlo?—Crimin

By THE

SUNDAY next is the anniversary of Britain's entry into the war, and, having regard to the present position at the Front, it ought to be a day of great rejoicing. We all feel that the turn of the tide has come, and we thank God—and Foch—that France's beautiful capital is apparently out of danger. We also observe with intense satisfaction the frantic efforts of the German High Command to explain away the fiasco of their last offensive; and we note, too, that the German Press is stealthily feeling its way for Peace talk. And yet, over all hangs one black, forbidding cloud, and it hangs over England itself. For some devilish reason or the other—the nature of which I have no intention of even inquiring into—our munition workers, or a large section of them, have wickedly threatened to "down tools." To my mind, such a fact has only to be mentioned in cold and simple language to make its horror and its criminality plain to every decent Britisher. Nothing in the world will convince me that there is any genuine, spontaneous explanation of this thing. Nothing will convince me that, however much it may be camouflaged by its real authors, it is anything other than the direct outcome of enemy propaganda—timed, with Teutonic cunning, to undo the work of the boys who are fighting and falling in the trenches, and to render all the splendid sacrifices and valour of the past few weeks of no avail. I claim to be as true a friend of Labour as any public man in this country. Indeed, I have no greater ambition than that, when the war is over, it may be my privilege to take some active part in reconstructing this old land of ours on lines which shall make it a good place to live in for every honest toiler. But, in the name of God, I declare that I should be proud to be a member of any shooting party called out to make short work of the ringleaders in this threatened strike. I have never concealed my opinion that every shipyard and every munition works should be placed under military control, the men being put into khaki as industrial battalions of the British Army. Then every striker would be treated in the same way as would a soldier who threw down his arms; and every strike-leader and agitator in the same way as would any man at the Front who preached mutiny to his comrades. I propounded this doctrine at the great meeting of Clyde workers which, at the request of the Government, I addressed three years ago. It was received by them with acclamation, and I urge it upon the Prime Minister to-day. Apparently, however, he shies at it, and prefers to adopt the alternative of depriving the strikers of their Exemption Certificates, and putting them in the Army. But even here he is weak and hesitating. What *is* the good of telling these men that by leaving their work they "*become liable* to the provisions of the Military Service Acts"? Tell them that their Exemption Certificates are cancelled, and that they must report for military service by noon on the day they down tools, or will be arrested as absentees or deserters! "If you do not know the address of the Recruiting Office," the Proclamation should say, "go to the nearest Post Office and inquire; but in any case you must report and give up your Exemption Certificate, not later than noon." Don't tell me this would lead to revolution. People said that about Valera and his Sinn Fein confederates in Ireland—but they are safely under lock and key; and nobody cares a "tinker's cuss"—the war being the thing, and the only thing, which matters at the moment. That view is well illustrated by our cartoonist this week.

Work or Fight!

Men who will not work must fight. They must be given the choice between the bag of tools and the soldier's kit—the hammer and the sword. That, however, is the gentler way, and I am all against gentle methods when dealing with a crisis like this. Nor will I believe that the better element amongst our munitioners will tolerate such a crime against not only the country, but equally against Humanity at large; and it would be nothing short of a blasphemy upon the memories of our sons and brothers who have laid down their lives "out there" in order that we may live in safety at home. I noticed a phrase in a recent resolution of Woolwich workers: "Strikers may go to Hell!" The only amendment I would move to that resolution is the substitution of the word "must" for "may"—and they should go by the quickest route known to martial law. These are hard words to speak, for I am too well aware that the vast majority of those who would come out—if strike there be—are simple, honest fellows, who have been fooled and hoodwinked by shop-stewards and others with sinister designs. But there can be no discrimination in a matter of this kind. Work or Fight—To the Shops or the Trenches—that is the only way. Let every munition worker pay heed. Let him remember that, apart from his duty to the State and to his flesh and blood, his own most vital interests are at stake. If he plays the man to-day, he will have no less claim upon our gratitude and recognition when the war is won than that of the soldiers and sailors. He will be entitled to demand fairer treatment, and happier conditions of life than were his lot in the past. He will be entitled to demand from the Capitalist a fair share of the wealth which his hands have helped to produce—and already there are indications that Capital will not turn a deaf ear to his claims. Never was there a better spirit between the employer and employed—between Capital and Labour—than that which exists to-day. What once threatened to be industrial revolution has been welded, in the furnace of war and common sacrifice, into industrial brotherhood and co-operation. The curses of Hell be on the head of any man who to-day jeopardises the consummation of that happy change! THERE MUST BE NO STRIKE! That is the will of the nation—its stern, unbending and unrelenting resolution. God grant that, as these lines are read, the peril may have passed. But it is always liable to recur—hence this solemn warning.

The Leverton Harris Scandal.

And now let us have a look round, in the hope of discovering some of the sources of that weakness in Government circles which make these strikes and threats of strikes, and other challenges to the successful prosecution of the war, possible. A good deal was said in the Isaacs-Hobhouse case about the honour of British public life. Well, when is Mr. Leverton Harris going? I have deliberately charged him with abusing his official position for the purpose of securing financial advantages for his firm. I also charge him with deceiving the House of Commons. And I further charge him with being suspect of German sympathies. How *can* any Minister of the Crown—however humble his official position may be—sit still under such allegations? Either I ought to be put in gaol, or, through the proprietary of this journal, made to pay heavy damages if my charges are false. But the man dare not come out of his shell. He cringes behind the backs of the Premier and Mr. Bonar Law, who—on the principle, I suppose, of hanging together rather than separately—cover him with fulsome testimonials; and he organises a whitewashing campaign in the Press. Let him produce the accounts of Harris and Dixon, Limited, for the periods before and after the war—and then we shall see to what extent it was "in the public interest" that his firm secured those concessions. Take that American Coal Contract. We are told that no Government Department was concerned in the matter. That is a lie. The Coal Control Department—the Committee of Coal Exporters—protested; and we have reason to believe that the United States Ambassador also dissociated himself from the business. Here is an extract from an Official Memorandum which I have seen—I hope our offices will not be ransacked by the police in consequence of its disclosure:—

COAL FOR AMERICAN FORCES IN FRANCE.

The following are the principal reasons why Coal for this Ally should pass through the Local Committees and Coal Exporters in a similar way as supplies are dealt with for France and Italy:—

If special treatment were granted to the U.S.A. Authorities, both France and Italy might consider themselves at liberty to purchase as they liked, and through any source they might select.

In addition to the foregoing, the proposal is entirely at variance with the rule laid down by the Board of Trade in May, 1916, relating to the export of Coal to Allied countries.

ND THE STRIKE.

Leniency—The Duty of the Stay-at-Homes.

EDITOR.

that trade should follow, as far as possible, through the normal pre-war channels and be equally distributed amongst the exporting firms.

It is clearly stated in the Directions issued by the Controller of Coal Mines in June, 1917, that to supply any country, Allied or Neutral, otherwise than in accordance with the conditions laid down would constitute a breach of the Directions.

I repeat that Leverton Harris must go. Let him retire into private life with his friends the Saviles, the Loewensteins and von Plessens. Come, Mr. Lloyd George—say the word!

Mrs. Leverton Harris.

And, while on the subject of Leverton Harris, it is necessary to say something more about those visits to German prisoners in whom Mrs. Leverton Harris has taken so very special an interest. Everyone has been under the impression—except those in the know, whose duty it was to tell the truth—that one of such prisoners, Baron von Nettleblatt, was just a German lord who had forgotten to naturalise himself before war broke out and so had to pay the penalty behind barbed wire. Nothing of the sort. The Baron is a spy, and should be in prison. The police know his record. I will let in a little more light. Von Nettleblatt is proud of his German birth; I don't even blame him for that—he is a blue-blooded Mecklenburg Baron, and although he married an English lady and a good round fortune to boot, he preferred to make his wife a German rather than himself to become an Englishman. Why should he, indeed? Before the war, Society fawned on these German lords; and at Glastonbury, where this man Nettleblatt lorded it over some thousands of fat acres, he was a great "bug." Then the war came and he rushed to get naturalised—a spy doesn't relish even an internment camp—but those who knew him in his City days were not "having any." And then the next thing that happened was that this German lord of an English manor—this fine Mecklenburg gentleman who would not be naturalised when he could, and couldn't be naturalised when he would—was arrested. Because he was an innocent enemy alien who had the misfortune to be a subject of the Kaiser? Not at all. Because he was a dangerous spy. Let us give the police all credit for their prompt action. They had long had their eyes on him; they had been opening his letters months before hostilities—they knew he was an agent of Germany, and the outbreak of war gave them the opportunity of putting the bold, bad Baron in safe keeping without trial or fuss. Safe keeping? I wish it had been. This man, who has a record which should have involved immediate imprisonment, not in a camp, but in a gaol—Englishmen have been so imprisoned even for suspected "enemy association"—was not only allowed to go to an internment camp, but to go out of it. I challenge those responsible for the control of the Lofthouse camp, near Leeds, to say that Baron von Nettleblatt has not been allowed out and to stay the night at an hotel. That is the sort of proceeding no ordinary citizen can understand, and the kind of gross abuse which makes people wonder what really *is* the matter with the Home Office. We have not yet heard from Mr. Waller, of Whitehall, who wrote that letter to the Commandant of the Lofthouse camp in regard to "special facilities" for Mrs. Leverton Harris. I think it is time we did hear. It will be recalled that Lieut. Canning, when he was tried and victoriously acquitted by Court Martial, said that in addition to von Plessen, Nettleblatt and Count Metternich had also received visits, and that "things were brought into the camp without being supervised or censored." It would be interesting to know whether those in command at the camp had been informed of the record of Nettleblatt. If not, it was a shameful omission—for a man arrested in the circumstances I have described should never be allowed a moment's liberty during the war, and at the close of it should be bundled out of the country. If this German lord's "dossier" was known, then the full responsibility falls on the Camp Commandant, although at the same time there is a grave indictment against someone at the Home Office. These things cannot and must not be glossed over. In the fuss that has been made in Parliament and the alien "camouflage" which Sir G. Cave and his colleagues have adopted, there is the hope that we may forget the circumstances which gave rise to so much public indignation. *I* certainly shall not, and I don't intend to let the Government forget them.

Where is Laszlo?

This brings me to another matter. Where is Laszlo? He was worse than Nettleblatt, for he was a traitor. This Society painter—the type of man who in the past had been made a fuss of just because he was a foreigner; this man who painted the portraits of every beauty and of half the Cabinet's wives as well—is a traitor. And he ought to be shot. Where is he? There is a rumour that he has been allowed to join von Bissing at a boarding-house in the Isle of Man. What says Sir G. Cave? And while he is telling us where he is, let him tell us what he has done. Why all this mystery over a miserable Hungarian? Don't forget he had the highest credentials. No less a person than Mr. Balfour, the Foreign Secretary, stood sponsor for him; so did that superior aristocrat, Lord Curzon of Kedleston; so did Lord Lee, who so soon after getting his peerage has quarrelled with the Government; so did my Lord Devonport, who tried to be Food Controller. All these men and others—poor blind fools that they were—gave this creature Laszlo a certificate of character. He became a British subject, and after he had sworn a false oath and secured the immunity which that "scrap of paper" gave him, he was found to be in league with the enemy. Why wasn't he tried and shot? Oh! there was some technical flaw in the evidence, was there? Just as there was, you remember, in the case of that scoundrel Ahlers, who was sentenced to death and escaped the bullet. Ahlers was not only allowed to go scot free, but went to Surbiton and lived under the name of Anderson until some of us made a devil of a fuss, and he was interned. And now, after four years of war, there is still this criminal leniency, this gross laxity in dealing with the enemy in our midst. Either Laszlo is innocent, or he is guilty. If he was found to be in correspondence with the enemy he is a traitor, and at least should be in one of the Tower dungeons.

What We are Fighting For.

It is the duty of those of us who stay at home never to forget that the boys "out there" who are celebrating the fourth anniversary of war, amid the wreck of shot and shell, are fighting to free Britain and the Empire of the foul taint of the Hun. How can we look them in the face if they return to find enemy influence still rife among us—to realise that firms like Merton and Co., which Mr. Hughes has denounced in such scathing language, continue to exist, and, above all, if they have forced upon them the conviction that in spite of all our pleadings, and in the face of public opinion, men of pure German blood are permitted to remain members of the Privy Council? Once more I appeal to the King not to mistake the popular mind. This is no personal affair of the Sovereign, like attending that service for the murdered ex-Czar. In the meantime, I repeat that this question of the Privy Council touches the Constitution. It is at once a challenge and a test. No naturalised German should sit on that Council! After all that has happened, it is an outrage—and those who are responsible for advising His Majesty will do a great and lasting disservice to the Throne if steps are not taken without further delay to bring this matter to an issue. Those of us who are determined to eliminate German influence in all its forms from the industrial, political and commercial interests of the nation know that only war has averted the danger of seeing this country of ours under the thumb of the Hun. And yet, with all the facts before us—with evidence overwhelming and ever accumulating of the devilish and sinister designs of the Hun—the Government has not yet shown real grit and determination in dealing with the danger. One of these days something will happen which will bring down the wrath of an outraged people on those who rule, and then it will be too late. Let the Government celebrate the fourth anniversary of this bloody conflict, not by psalm-singing and prayers—they are for the parsons and the churches—but by proving to the fighting-men that they are as determined to root out the Hun at home as the boys are so superbly killing him on the Western front.

HEARD IN THE TRAIN.

THE STRIKE.

Mechanic (*laying down newspaper and rubbing his hands together with satisfaction*): Three hundred thousand out, I see. Looks as if Labour's comin' into its own at last. I reckon we'll show the Guv'ment this time. Nice thing, trying to restrict a skilled workman's movements! That's the sort o' thing we *won't* stick. About time a firm stand was made for the rights o' Labour. No bloomin' embargo for us.

Merchant Sailor: What's all the row about, mate?

Mechanic: W'y, the Ministry of Munitions 'ave shoved an embargo on munition firms employin' more'n a certain number of skilled workmen unless they git a licence.

Merchant Sailor: Well, wot about it? Wot's the matter with that?

Mechanic: Wot about it? W'y, it means a skilled workman can't change 'is job if 'e wants to. Infringin' the liberty of the subjick, thet's wot it is.

Merchant Sailor: But wot's the objeck of it? *Thet's* wot I want you to tell me.

Mechanic: W'y, to git Labour under the thumb o' the Guv'ment. Thet's wot it's for.

Merchant Sailor: I'm surprised at you not knowin' better'n that. I'll tell yer wot the embargo's for. It's to stop firms employin' more skilled workmen than they've got skilled work for, so as skilled workers shouldn't be employed on unskilled jobs by one firm, w'ile another firm 'asn't got enough skilled workmen to keep their contracts goin'. Thet's all it is, and it's a bloomin' lot to strike about, blest if it ain't, I *don't* think!

Mechanic (*sullenly*): You don't understand. It's an infringement o' the rights o' Labour.

Merchant Sailor: It seems to me we've gotter forgit our rights w'ile the wore is on, an' only remember our duties. But p'raps you forget there's a wore on?

Working Woman (*in mourning*): That's wot it is, young man. The selfish dogs forget there's a wore on. They work in safety an' draw big money and don't think about nuthink but themselves. 'Ere they are, out on strike an' stoppin' the supply of munitions jest becos the Guv'ment ain't goin' to let them dodge about from one job to another on the 'unt for the easiest. Soljers carn't do thet. My eldest, wot's lyin' dead in France, couldn't do thet. 'E 'ad to stick it to the end, pore lad. And 'e never grouse'd, as I knows of.

Mechanic: You don't understand, mother.

Working Woman: Don't you "mother" me, if *you* please. I understand quite enough, thank you. I understand thet men wot strike in times like these is traitors and oughter be'shot. I'd be ashamed to play the Germans' game, thet I would. I tell yer, I'd sooner 'ave my son dead in France, as 'e 'is, pore lad, then 'ave 'im alive and on strike to-day.

Mechanic: If you understood ——.

Working Woman: Don't shout at me, *if you* please. I ain't proud, but I'm the mother of a lad wot's given 'is life for 'is country, not of a dirty striker, and I won't be shouted at by nobody, let alone a traitor to the boys wot's fightin' to keep us safe at 'ome.

Merchant Sailor: Good on yer, mother! Us chaps wot face the U-boats 'ave our opinion of 'em, too, you bet. Wot they're sufferin' from is too much pay an' too much 'safety. . . . Gittin' out 'ere? 'Ere, let me open the dore.

PRINTER'S PIE.

(Half-a-crown is paid to the sender of every item published under this heading. Envelopes must be marked "Pie.")

Mr. Arthur Henderson, M.P. (according to *Sunday Chronicle* report):—

"Future security lay in securing a world's peace, NOT in the interests of humanity as a whole."

"Newcastle Daily Journal":—

"Mummified Child's Body Found. . . . Sergt. Ayre said the body was WRAPPED IN A WEEKLY NEWSPAPER. . . . DON'T WASTE PAPER OF ANY SORT."

"North-Eastern Daily Gazette":—

"One must await events with confidence, FULL OF PRIDE in our leaders and OUR ENEMIES."

"Bournemouth Daily Echo" (advertisement):—

"House-Parlourmaid for bachelor's house, £23; easy place, SEPARATE BEDROOM."

"New York World" (advertisement):—

"Bookkeeper, WITH LARGE CORPORATION . . . wants Saturday and evening work."

"Ashore and Afloat":—

"This Tragic Story tells of a Man who was SAVED FROM THE CURSE OF DRINK. Such TRAGEDIES are taking place every hour."

"Daily Mirror":—

"He held out his hand and took hers, and I HEARD her say INAUDIBLY: 'Good night, and thank you very much.'"

"Westminster Gazette":—

"Chelmsford Food Control Committee are distributing 4,500 lb. of jam to people who did not get JAM FOR SUGAR-MAKING."

"Daily Sketch":—

"Near Marfaux the British Forces literally slaughtered are PICKED REGIMENTS OF THE PRUSSIAN GUARD."

FLYING OFFICER'S THRILLING EXPERIENCE.

ANOTHER TRIBUTE TO PELMANISM.

Between 30,000 and 40,000 Officers and Men of the Navy, Army and Air Service—as well as many thousands of Business and Professional men and women—are now busily training their minds and keeping themselves mentally fit and alert by means of Pelmanism. Their experiences, described in letters to the Pelman Institute, are of extraordinary interest. Here, for example, is a letter from a Flying Officer, quoted recently by Sir W. Robertson Nicoll in the "British Weekly," as an example of the wonderful results of Pelman Training:—

"When I began the Pelman Course," he writes, "I was a nervous wreck owing to my machine catching fire in the air and crashing. I was so bad that I was awarded compensation for injuries by the Admiralty: yet I am so much better that on Thursday last I was passed 'fit for flying.' . . . Without the aid of the Course to make me put my back into my efforts, I doubt whether I should have succeeded."

The Editor of the "British Weekly" describes this as "a remarkable letter," and comments upon it as follows:—

"Here is a man mentally and nervously shattered by an accident from which he was lucky to emerge living; and yet he has regained sufficient command over his nerves and mind to become again eligible for the most exacting duties of this exacting war. And I am assured that this case is by no means unique."

This is just one of the things that Pelmanism does. It gives the student *complete mastery over his mind*. If mental faculties are in any way disorganised, either through war experiences or through general lack of scientific mental training, a course of Pelmanism helps to pull them together. It gives perfect self-command and tones up mental powers generally, creating alertness, resourcefulness, decisiveness and initiative. As a business man writes from Sunderland:—

"I am experiencing a fine toning-up of the whole of my mental faculties."

And another from Glasgow:—

"You have filled me with greater enthusiasm, more energy and interest, courage, will-power, and self-confidence, and I have no hesitation in saying that the Course is well worth the money."

As a result Pelmanism is enabling thousands of men and women to improve their positions in life, to increase their business, and to add to their incomes.

"Thanks to the Pelman Course," writes one, "*in less than three weeks* I have made the first step in advancement and have practically doubled my income."

"If I were asked the question: 'What is the best investment you ever made?'" writes another, "my reply would assuredly be 'The Pelman System.'"

And in practically every city and town in the British Isles, as well as in other parts of the Empire, men and women are earning 100 per cent., 200 per cent., and in some cases even 300 per cent. more than they formerly did as the direct result of the increased efficiency brought about by Pelmanism.

45,000 ENROLMENTS IN SIX MONTHS.

In civil life men and women of almost every known Profession, Business, and Occupation are practising Pelmanism, and finding that it produces quick, certain, and permanent results. In the Navy and Army its popularity is increasing by leaps and bounds. In some regiments "practically every officer is a Pelmanist." Over 100 Admirals and Generals are now following this system. And such is the demand for Pelmanism that in the first six months of this year over 45,000 men and women enrolled for a course of Pelman Mind and Memory Training.

Pelmanism takes up very little time—only a few minutes a day or an hour or so each week. It can be followed anywhere and under any conditions. It is directed through the post by expert instructors. It involves no hard study, and it is as interesting and fascinating to follow as it is practical and valuable in its results. Obstacles are easily overcome by the Pelmanists. Difficulties are rapidly solved. Opportunities seem to spring up on every side. Each day opens up a new vista of advancement. You can mark your progress almost each week. When you practise Pelmanism you "feel you are getting on." That feeling of stagnation, that you are making "no headway," has completely gone. Promotion comes to you. You feel yourself to be—*and you are*—eminently "capable." And as you rise in your particular profession or business so your income increases, and a wider world of achievement opens out before you.

WRITE FOR FULL INFORMATION—FREE.

Write for full particulars to-day. Just drop a postcard (remember it is a penny stamp now) to the Secretary, the Pelman Institute, 15, Pelman House, Bloomsbury Street, London, W.1, and by return you will receive a copy of "Mind and Memory" (containing full particulars of the Pelman Course), a copy of "Truth's" latest (fourth) report on the Pelman System, and a form enabling you to enrol for the complete course for one-third less than the usual fees. All the above will be sent you by return, gratis, and post free. Write for it to-day.

Overseas addresses:—South Africa: Club Arcade, Durban. Australia: 46-48, Market Street, Melbourne. Canada: 15, Toronto Street, Toronto.

"THE NATIONAL NEWS."—Britain's Sunday paper with a purpose. One Penny.

"TOMMY AND JACK."

Dealing also with the Discharged Sailor and Soldier and their Dependents.

OUR PLEDGE.—"No case of hardship or injustice, no instance of beggarly treatment or mean cheeseparing, shall go unchallenged and unremedied."—*Horatio Bottomley*, 19th August, 1916.

"TOMMY."

An Unfortunate Spree:—The Sergeants and Staff-Sergeants of a Canadian Corps were recently invited by their officers to a dinner in London. Unfortunately a few of the guests wined not wisely but too well, and next day were brought before their hosts—with the result that the merrymakers were reduced to the ranks. It seems a bit incongruous.

Congratulations:—Mr. Macpherson talks a good deal in the House of Commons, but his pious promises are frequently piecrust. Recently he stated that men over forty would be kept in classes apart, and would be drilled and put through physical exercises by themselves. An Order to that effect has now been issued. If the Under-Secretary wishes to see his promises respected, let him take care that in future his pronouncements are thus embodied in Army Orders or Army Council Instructions—the only directions that our Officers will obey.

Not Fair to Tommy:—District Orders in Alexandria lay down that, owing to disorderly conduct on the part of some troops, N.C.O.s and men cannot now be granted the privilege of travelling first-class on the local railway. We know that the "disorderlies" were some hilarious Colonials; and naturally the British soldier chafes under the indignity and inconvenience imposed upon them.

Half-Starved:—We dislike complaining about our hospitals, but evidence placed before us during the past few months suggests that some authorities are endeavouring to gain kudos by keeping down expenses. For instance, the other day the men in one institution at Denmark Hil were given for dinner one potato and a couple of spoonsful of cabbage, the meat being barely discernible. Economy may become a vice.

Heaven—Now Hell:—Knowsley Park was handed over by Lord Derby to be used as a Command Depot. Up to a little while ago it was known to the men as "A little bit of Heaven"; now they tell us that it is more like the warmer place, owing to the conduct of a junior officer who has none of the milk of human kindness in him. We would advise him to consult the old crocks in the ranks, giving them an indemnity against punishment for anything they may say in their candid criticism.

The R.A.F. and Pay:—A constant stream of complaints from the Royal Air Force flows to Long Acre. The principal grievance concerns what looks like a Treasury bilk, and, if this proves to be the case, we intend to deal with it in an early issue.

Poor Tommy in Hospital:—The other day at No. 2 London General Hospital, Chelsea, some flag-sellers collecting money to buy cigarettes for Tommy, were allowed around the wards cadging off the patients. The wife of an injured man would not be permitted to enter this or any other hospital except on visiting days. We wish Tommy joy of the flags for which he has put down his pennies. Who is answerable?

How Damnable!—Included in a draft from the Isle of Sheppey is Rifleman T. H. Collard, 33864, 6th Batt. King's Royal Rifles. He was wounded in November last over the shoulder blades and spine, and was sent from hospital to camp. He is graded B.2. Grade 3. The unfortunate chap, who looks exceedingly frail, cannot wear his braces because of the intolerable pain they cause. But he will have to carry a pack on his back, though there are thousands of fit soldiers who have been kept here since the commencement of the war, on the assurance of their Commanding Officers that they are "indispensable." Indispensable! It is no wonder that our soldiers from one flank to the other set their teeth and curse.

"JACK."

Concerning Food:—Last Autumn the Admiralty arranged with the British Seafarers' Union to supply the crews of Government tug boats with food on certain conditions. That promise was made nearly a year ago, and we want to know why it has not been fulfilled.

A Wise Suggestion:—The Naval Ratings who depart from the strait and narrow path are fined—the money, we presume, going to the Consolidated Fund. We have received from the Fleet a letter, bearing many signatures, suggesting that the fines should be devoted to a Naval Widows' and Orphans' Fund. Perhaps Sir Eric will consider the matter. If he consents, the result will give satisfaction throughout the Service.

"THE SILVER BADGERS."

Secretaries of discharged sailors' and soldiers' organisations, in sending cases of injustice or official information, should mark their envelopes "Silver Badgers."

A Wembley Funk Hole:—We are told of an aircraft factory at North Wembley which advertises for fitters. The charge-hand who engages the men is only 24, and has not seen service. The complaint made to us is that when a Badger asks for work he is turned down, whilst civilian "Indispensables" who should be at the Front are taken on. Sir Auckland Geddes might look into this.

Women and Children First:—The Food Control Committee at Manchester advertised for clerks for their central office. A number of Badgers who presented themselves before the office was open in the morning, were ultimately told to return at 2 o'clock, and were given forms to fill in. When they returned they found a queue about fifty yards long, and were informed that only girl clerks were wanted, and so they went empty away.

From Gretna Green:—A man who gained the D.C.M. in the war, and lost an eye, made an application for employment in the Gretna Police Force. The reply he received was as follows:—"In view of the circumstances disclosed in your letter, the Chief Officer regrets that he cannot accede to your application as you will be physically unfitted to perform the duties done by the police here." Possibly the Gretna Police have to deal with extra hefty toughs, but this particular Badger would have been fit to tackle the best man that Gretna could put up against him.

Quite Right:—Some tramway companies have favoured female conductors, though discharged men are available. We have had many letters from Badgers complaining of this. We are, therefore, pleased to learn that at Ilford no woman will be granted a licence if there are discharged soldiers able and willing to do the work. Better late than never!

Women are Cheaper:—There is a definite allegation that four ex-soldiers, wounded men from France, have been discharged from a controlled factory at Waddon, Croydon, in order that women may be taken on at cheaper rates. The men's pay was 1s. an hour and 33s. per week bonus. The women's pay is 7½d. per hour and 6s. bonus. Both men and women had been trained by the Ministry of Munitions. These are plain facts, set down in protest, and with a view to stop any more proceedings of that character.

"THE GREATEST OF THESE—"

(Registered under the Act of 1916 as "The John Bull War Sufferers' Fund.")

This fund affords immediate relief to the dependents of soldiers and sailors stranded for want of money. Every farthing subscribed goes to some deserving person—we gladly defray all expenses.

Among the numerous cases we assisted during the week were the following:—

A Costly Illness:—A soldier's wife, the mother of seven young children, has recently been discharged from hospital after a serious operation. She is not progressing as quickly as the doctor would wish, so he has ordered her a change of air, the cost of which she asked us to defray, in order that she may quickly return to her previous employment.

The Catch of the Hire System:—Another applicant adds to her Army allowance by making soldiers' shirts at home. The sewing-machine she uses is nearly paid for, but, owing to her health having temporarily failed, she got into arrears to the extent of two weeks' instalments. The makers threatened to take the machine away—whilst to add to her troubles, she was also called upon to pay her doctor's bill.

At Her Wits' End:—Discharged from the Service as an advanced consumptive, a man has done little or no work since, whilst he is ordered nourishing food. His wife has just recovered from an illness, and is faced with debts which she cannot meet from his pension. We gave her a helping hand.

Pension Inadequate:—A discharged soldier who is unfit for a full week's work cannot manage to pay his way on his pension of 8s. 9d. One such tells us that he has pledged his wearing apparel, and appealed for help to pay the rent, which was in arrear.

Too Ill to Care:—A daughter of a soldier's widow told us of the condition of affairs in her mother's little home. A son has been missing for two months, and the suspense has made the aged woman too weak to help herself. There are two growing girls, not old enough to earn, and the small income would not pay the weekly bills.

Other Cases Helped.

One of five serving men asks aid for his mother. Other sons married, therefore unable to assist.

Discharged soldier on leave to see daughter who is seriously ill. Not in credit with regiment. Nourishment needed for patient.

Soldier's widow lost one of her children; another one ill, and long doctor's bill outstanding.

Sailor's wife, with four little ones, off work through influenza. Temporary help vitally necessary.

Discharged unfit, cannot maintain full week's employment. In arrears with rent, etc.

SUBSCRIPTIONS.

"Choppington," 10s.; V. R., 6d.; "Betty's Chicks," 6s. 6d.; Mrs. M. F. W., 2s. 6d.; Kat's Eye," 2s. 6d.; F. T. (Henley), 5s.; O. H. C. (Wickham Market), 2s. 6d.; A. T. (Redhill), 1s.; E. B. (W. Hampstead), 2s.; H. B. W. (Dover), £1; "In Memory of Lt. G. S. Taylor, Sherwood Foresters," £10; Pipe Band, 12th Royal Scots, B.E.F., 30 francs; L. E., 1s.; Mrs. M. S. (Thornton Heath), 5s.; W. S. T., 6d.; "A Discharged West Kent," 2s. 6d.; "W.," £1. Pte. S. D. (Notts.), 1s.; "A Gun Crew," 2s. 4d., E. D. T. (Southend), 5s.; A. C. (Boshams), 1s.; "A Yorkshireman," 5s.; Anon. (Twickenham), 9s. 6d.; K. P. (Southsea), 2s.; A. G. L. (Barnsley), 10s.; M. E. P. (Canada), 12s. 6d.; E. C., £2; W. J. S., 1s.; A. M. J. H., 3s.; R. B. F. (Glasgow), 2s. 6d.; E. M. S. (Clifton), £1 1s.; L. E. (Scarborough), 1s.; "Taxi Driver 5272," 1s.; H. B. (Southport), 2s.; "A Sergeant's Wife," 1s.; A. R. E. (per T. A. E.), £2 10s.; M. F., 3s.; D. H. (Barnsbury), 2s.; "Huddersfield," 10s.; J. W. C. (Felixstowe), 5s.; "Newtownards," 3s.; E. O. (Gillingham), 1s.; Ship's Canteen Fund, H.M.S. *Skirmisher*, £10; I. C. T. (Tettenhall), 1s.; "A Yorkshire Donkey," 10 francs; "A Friend," 1s.; A. G. (Layton), 5s.; Mrs. L. C. (Rothesay), 1s. 6d.; V. E. C., Croydon (per F. B. T.), £1 5s.; C. H., 4s. 6d.; "Jack Tucker," 3s.; W. and A. L. (Forest Gate), 5s.; S. L., 6d.; "Bessie," 1s.; H. C. (Pangbourne), 2s. 6d.; M. A. C. (Finsbury), 1s.; "A Silver Badger," 1s. 6d.; Weekly Collection, C. P. S., Royal Arsenal, Woolwich (per A. E. S.), £1; E. R. A. (Ponders End), 5s.; Cpl. C. H. B., 4s.; Mrs. M. M. (Sheffield), 1s.; "Belmore," 2s.; Gunner H. V. (R.G.A.), 1s. 6d.; J. W. R. (Ladybank), 7s. 6d.; Swear Box, Devonshire Regt. (Mettom Camp), £7; "Broadstairs," 2s. 6d.; O. S. (B.E.F.), 2s. 4d.; P. M. (Bideford), £1 1s.; Cpl. W. (B.E.F.), 1s. 6d.; "Mothy," 3. 6d.; M. B., 10s.; Mrs. L. S. (Canterbury), 5s.; "A Badger's Wife," 6d.; A. B. (Artillery), 1s.; 1st A.M.S. D. (B.E.F.), 3s. 6d.; M. B., 10s.; Mrs. L. S. (Canterbury), 5s.; "A Badger's 6s. 6d.; Capt. O. E. N., £1; "The Idiot," 5s.; P. E. P., 2s. 6d.; W. H. C. (Athlone), 3s. 6d.; "Kitty" (Wimbledon Common), 2s. 6d.; R. C. (Witham), 3s. 6d.; Mrs. E. R. (Maidstone), 1s.; "Dae," 5s.; Sgt. J. N. (Clackmannan), 2s. 6d.; "Taxi Driver 5273," 1s.

"John Bull's" Letter Bag.

[*The EDITOR replies to, and chats with, some of his numerous correspondents.*]

CORRESPONDENTS ARE REQUESTED NOT TO SEND ORIGINAL CERTIFICATES, TESTIMONIALS, ETC., *as they are liable to be mislaid. Copies only should be forwarded in the first instance.*

LETTERS *must be addressed to the Editor or Publishers, 92, Long Acre, W.C. 2, according to whether they relate to Editorial or Publishing matters.* FINANCIAL, INSURANCE, *or* LEGAL *inquiries should be addressed to the Financial, Insurance, or Legal Editor, and must each be accompanied by a postal order for one shilling. No fee is charged in respect of other inquiries. Full names and addresses should be given.*

"THE HUMANE CARTER."—For William Kattenhorn, the Hoxton carter, who preferred to be "sacked" and lose his pay rather than take out horses which he considered too weak for their loads, we have received the following:—National Equine Defence League, £2 2s.; C. G., 10s.; Mrs. E. W., 10s.; "Square," 10s. 6d.; A. P., £1; E. S., £1 1s.; "Skairfield," £1 1s.; Miss D., £1; "Rufus," £1; Miss A. C., 10s.; N. S., £1; and smaller amounts totalling £6 12s.—in all £16 16s. 6d. Virtue would, after all, seem to be in this case not without reward!

I. C. A. (Spalding).—"In my opinion matters are arranged and influence is ripe." It's more than ripe—it's rotten.

PTE. W. J. (Enfield).—"An Irishwoman's Appeal to Irish Soldiers" is a German-printed horror picked up by you on the battlefield. There is a bullet-hole clean through the traitorous thing—grim comment, indeed!

H. R. P. (Brixton).—"I have been pondering whether if we kill Germans we are committing a crime." You should not ponder any longer.

SPR. R. L. W. (B.E.F.).—Cannot state the exact population of China. Most of them seem to be coming over here.

F. N. L. (N.).—"I wrote you on Tuesday. Your paper came out the day after. In neither issue can I see a reply, nor have I had one by post." Seems funny, but you must have missed our telegram as well.

A. H. E. (York).—"England has always been a free country. Yes, for aliens." Some of you old Navy men do notice things with your weather eye.

F. P. W. (Leicester).—Very nice of you to describe us as "a broad-minded thinker." We had no idea you thought so highly of us.

"ONE OF THE THEES" (Hackney, N.E.).—"A public appointment in the Borough of Hackney was given to a lady of independent means." We must look into it. Hackney rarely does anything wrong.

R. B. (West Stanley).—The Huns were the first to drop bombs indiscriminately and criminally on defenceless civilians—notwithstanding the *Labour Leader*, which seems at pains to whitewash our atrocious enemies.

T. W. (Doncaster).—We are quite ready to join a Never-Shake-Hands-With-a-German League. That is a personal resolution we had already formed.

"ANOTHER ANZAC" (Carlin How).—"You have your issue of commonsense." We should hate to be short of our ration.

"MACKO" (Chiswick).—"Think of Mr. Balfour sometimes, won't you." Would prefer to forget him now and then.

GNR. McG. (Brighton).—"What about Tommy when he comes home?" Tommy will be all right. We shall see to that.

J. W. N. (Leicester).—Low spirits come because you think about them; there is no other "cause." Chase them away; chat with somebody lively; pull yourself out of yourself, and Satan will get him behind you.

MRS. S. S. (Clapham).—"I think it's very cruel taking them when there are so many young single men shirkers. Trusting you can understand this." Yes, lady, we understand only too well the torture of wives and mothers.

MRS. S. G. S. (Woking).—"You might spare a few minutes—on Sunday—to read Chapter 13 of St. Paul's Epistle to the Corinthians." Is that the only day on which *you* can find time to give a thought to Charity?

"PENELOPE" (Brentwood).—"Allow me to express my appreciation of your bright little paper." H'm! "Bright *little* paper," indeed! You are not trying to damn us with faint praise, are you?

"FOUR OF THE WORKERS."—"Spare a column to show how women sweat on machining cotton bandoliers for 3s. 6d. per 100, finding their own cotton and needles." Didn't take a column to do it.

H. W. (Dorset).—We repeat advice not to go to a money-lender. Much better delay wedding than marry with certainty of trouble.

T. N. (Hatherleigh).—We could do no good by interference, but on your showing the calling-up of the fourth son from the land is a damned shame.

"A SAILOR'S SISTER" (Norwich).—Your opinion is that lady chauffeurs have caused "no end of strife in different homesteads." If you could see how shocked we look, you would be sorry you spoke.

C. B. (Temple, E.C.).—"I am not a crank, a fool, or a maniac." Rather a conceited thing to say, isn't it?

W. D. (Sittingbourne).—You cannot escape liability under the Lighting Order merely because your landlord has failed to provide proper blinds, but you are at liberty to tell the gentleman what you think of him, provided you don't make a row in the street.

"F. R. A. N. C. E." (Caistor).—You would not have to ask us twice if it were in our power to supply the agricultural districts with harvest beer. Nor would it be the bodyless slop that goes by the name of "arms and legs," but the sort that puts a good heart in a man and helps him in his toil.

W. (Brentwood).—Sorry Kibble and Co. had your £16. If you read us regularly you would have saved your money.

"DISCHARGED TOMMY" (Guy's Hospital, S.E.).—"As the Government are still wanting men, why not give the staff at the Mental Hospital, Canterbury, a look up?" The upward gaze is hereby strongly recommended.

H. J. T. (Chalk Farm).—It is rather "steep" to ask us for "a little honourarium" on account of our having used the sentence "The truth will out" in one of our leading articles, and your coincident employment of the same words for a "Bullet." You surely do not claim copyright in so trite and ancient a remark.

MRS. R. H. (Swanton Abbot).—"Is it not time Mr. Bottomley pulled the legs of some of the officers' wives in the Westwick Camp of the 321 Brigade of the R.F.A. riding about on Government horses?" We resent the suggestion that we are capable of pulling any lady's leg when on horseback.

G. W. (Blackfriars).—"I have wrote a book three hundred pages. It has got 25 characters in. Twenty of them have served a term of penal servitude." Just what *you* deserve for writing such a book.

G. R. (Chelmsford) draws our attention to a Chelmsford advertiser who wants "a kind woman, not a camouflaged tigress, as housekeeper." Alas! the thought so sad and bitter, if he should want and still not git her!

E. H. (Huddersfield).—In sending 5s. for our Fund in memory of your brother, killed a year ago, you do a far better thing than others who spend money on memorial advertisements.

"DEMOS" (Burnham-on-Sea).—"The town-crier earns his stipend by persistently jangling his jingler, and shouting, bawling, crying, howling, droning the contents of JOHN BULL." After your testimonial, we expect our friend will want a rise.

J. S. ("Somewhere in France").—"I have often come into touch with the W.A.A.C.s, and can vouch for their splendid ability, discipline, and smartness at work and their moral behaviour at all times." That's a nasty one for the *other* "J. S. (Islington)," and should silence his slanderous tongue.

MRS. N. S. (Eastleigh).—We scarcely think that painting the front of a public house is work of national importance, but putting a little more body in the beer sold there would certainly come under that designation.

N. S. S. (Lisbon).—Cannot see why a Portuguese objects when we say, "Portugal is on our side." She is our oldest ally and her gallant sons are fighting finely.

H. G. W. (Gnr., Codford).—A Salisbury photographer who does the boys out of the price of a dozen photos deserves to be interviewed by them *in camera*.

"HILDA TO TOM" are the words on a knife found by Pte. Speed in No. 4 Canadian Clearing Station. Owner write to us.

S. E. S. (Tulse Hill).—"Consumed 18 units; Company charges 20 units, under Statutory powers." A gross incentive to waste. Burn 20 and see if they charge for 18.

"BLUE STOCKING" (Huddersfield).—We have great admiration for "underpaid and overworked teachers," knowing that to most of them the interests of the kiddies are their first concern.

M. W. (Erith).—Bishop of Exeter "knows one clergyman's church where there has been no marriage for 28 years, there is only one child in the parish, and the man is now suffering from nervous breakdown." Weighing that up, it makes the Bish. seem a bit whiffy in the wind.

"STAFF NURSE" (B. R. C. S.) complains that while military nurses are allowed to travel at half fare, general or fever nurses have to pay in full.

L. M. (Rochdale) sends us an ad. from the *Rochdale Observer*: "Will the gentleman who threw a stone at a dog which rebounded and went through window——?" Which rebounded, the stone or the dog?

H. N. (Cheltenham).—We note that you would destroy the U-boats by "laying live wires outside all their outlets." Is it a single-handed job, or would you want anyone to help you?

MRS. H. (Sittingbourne).—Your scheme is apparently to write rude letters to people and get us to print them. A nice game, very, but we don't play.

G. D. (H.M.S. *Venerable*).—We are all for "the upkeep of the population," and must think over your proposal to allot naval prize money as a marriage bounty to Service men.

G. D. (Durham) and E. T. (Brighton).—It must be years since we first began to pick holes in the Holeproof Clothing Co., of Theobalds Road, London, W.C., and their business methods still seem badly in need of repair.

"BILLEE" (Westminster).—Asking if the Universal Stores, Manchester, is "a genuine affair," proves that you read us with your eyes shut.

R. N. (Elgin Crescent).—Another argument for employing Hun prisoners as stokers on board ship is, that it might partly acclimatise them for their ultimate destination.

"AN OLD READER" (Bow, E.).—Grousing because under the new Award you can earn only 18s. 1d. per day instead of 13s. 4d.! And unskilled labour and all! *What* a petty grievance for an old soldier to get in a passion about!

J. W. S. (Huddersfield).—"It is my happy lot to be able to say no dropsical folk need die." In other words, contract dropsy and live for ever!

JOAN W. (Berks).—Delighted to hear about you and your brother—plucky youngsters both! But please don't enclose any more pepper in your next missive. Our office cat has nearly sneezed himself into a decline as it is.

MR. J. STANLEY APPLEBY (Stockton-on-Tees) takes exception to our recent "Candid Communication" to himself, commenting on the terms upon which he was prepared to engage a pensioned ex-soldier. He tells us that he was willing to give more than 10s. a week and a cottage to one capable of doing a full day's work; but for the misconception on this important point he has only himself to blame, his letter being so faultily constructed as to give a contrary impression.

W. W. M. (Croydon).—While in France you saved penny coupons for a "J. B." pen, and think they are of no use now. Quite wrong; what you send, we will accept. We won't go back on a soldier.

(Many replies are unavoidably held over.)

The 'John Bull' Stylo

The very best in Stylos.
As sold at
5/-

Price with 1 Coupon, 3/6
7 Coupons, 2/6
Postage, 1½d.

"JOHN BULL" Pen Coupon. Value 2d.

By sending this Coupon with P.O. for 3s. and 1½d. stamps for postage, the holder is entitled to receive a "John Bull" Gold Nibbed Fountain Pen, STANDARD MODEL. Additional Coupons up to 6 from "John Bull" from this date may be saved and used in part payment, each counting as 2d. off the price. Thus, you may send 7 coupons, and P.O. for 2s. only, and 1½d. stamps for postage.

DE LUXE MODEL, 1s. Extra.

Address, Pen Dept., JOHN BULL, Long Acre, London, W.C.2. (Aug. 3rd, 1918.)

P.O.'s should be made payable to John Bull, Ltd., and crossed & Co.

N.B.—State whether you prefer a Fine, Medium, or Broad Nib.

GAMAGE'S

GREAT PURCHASE of the remaining stock of MACAURA

'PULSOCON'

HAND VIBRATORS

A Self-Massage Instrument

To be cleared at less than

ONE-SIXTH THE ORIGINAL PRICE

7/6

POST FREE.

Additional attachment for head, neck, face & ear massage, 1/- ea.

Booklet of instructions with each Instrument.

The "Pulsocon" has proved its value in thousands of cases of

RHEUMATISM, RHEUMATIC GOUT SCIATICA, LUMBAGO, NEURITIS, HEADACHES, certain STOMACH TROUBLES, and some forms of DEAFNESS.

In order that you may form your own opinion as to the merits of this instrument, it will be sent you post free on the understanding that you may return within three days, when your money will be refunded in full.

Please mention this paper and send cash when ordering.

Thousands of other "Gamage" Bargains now being offered during our

SUMMER SALE

Write for copy of sale list. The number issued is limited

A. W. GAMAGE, Ltd.

HOLBORN, LONDON, E.C.1.

CATARRH, DEAFNESS, EAR NOISES.

Send for Free Copy of Sir Hiram Maxim's New Book and learn of a quick and easy Home Cure.

It is not only in the art of war that Sir Hiram Maxim's inventions are famous. The veteran inventor, who has done so much to help our brave soldiers in the fighting line, is now seen in a new mission—a Mission of Peace that will gladden the hearts of thousands of sufferers from **catarrh, deafness, ear-noises, asthma, hay fever and bronchitis.** In brief, Sir Hiram Maxim has discovered a quick and simple home cure for all catarrhal troubles, and in order that all sufferers should have a free opportunity of learning how to cure their own ailments without interfering with their daily occupation he has published a most interesting little book which his Sole Licencees give away free to all who apply for it.

The curative effect of this discovery is so remarkable that thousands have already been cured, most of these being chronic cases where everything else failed.

YOUR FREE BOOK

will be sent on receipt of name and address. Never mind how many previous treatments have failed, read the free book and follow Sir Hiram's advice. You will be surprised and delighted at the result. A copy will be posted, free of charge, to every reader who writes for it to-day. The address is: Sir Hiram Maxim's Sole Licencees (Dept. J.B.), 46, Holborn Viaduct, London, E.C.

One of the Great Books of the World

The Study of Mankind is unquestionably the most fascinating imaginable, and "THE LIVING RACES OF MANKIND" is the only book which gives the popular illustrated account of the customs, habits, pursuits, feasts and ceremonies of the races of mankind throughout the world.

The beautiful coloured and black-and-white illustrations, which number over 900, are carefully selected out of many thousands. They show the natives of all climes as they actually live in their native surroundings, their dress, their weapons, dwellings, and the tattoo marks on their bodies, or the flesh wounds and scars of which some natives seem so proud.

Such a collection of photographs from life can never be entirely superseded. They have been procured in many cases at enormous cost from most remote and inaccessible parts of our globe, and form an absolutely unique and priceless collection.

The work includes an account of such subjects as the physical features of the races of mankind, their clothing, ornaments, food, dwellings, weapons, habits, customs, their modes of thought and mental characteristics, not omitting their games, sports, and pastimes. A few maps, statistics of population, race, and religion have also been added for the sake of completeness.

The contributors include Lord Curzon, Admiral Sir Cyprian Bridge, Sir Harry Johnston, Sir Everard im Thurn, etc.

THE BOOK AT A GLANCE.

It has cost about £10,000; there are over 900 illustrations; about 800 large pages; 25 beautiful coloured plates; about 250,000 words; a standard and international work; written by eminent specialists; translated into all the leading languages; printed throughout on the finest English Art paper; in two magnificent volumes; beautifully bound in half French Morocco grain; elaborately gilded.

Send 6 penny stamps to cover postage and we will send you FREE 40 specimen pages and a coloured plate worth at least 1s.

To (Dept. 88),

THE STANDARD ART BOOK CO., Ltd., 30-32, Ludgate Hill, E.C. 4.

NEVER UP TO THE MARK.

Advice to Those "Below Par."

Knowing how important it is to be equal to the strain of working life in these war times, it is astonishing that so many people allow themselves to get below par. The best of us are none too strong, with reduced supplies of food and increased demands for work. Yet too many of us allow ourselves to grow thin and bloodless, losing energy and sleeping badly, suffering from indigestion, headaches and nervousness.

Keeping up to the mark requires the blood and nerves to be in good order. If these are right, appetite and sleep will return, the digestion will give us no trouble, and the nerves will grow strong and steady—fit for any emergency. Thousands of workers of both sexes have testified to the many benefits derived from the rich, new blood made by Dr. Williams' pink pills for pale people, and the resulting improvement in their nerves and digestion.

You have the opportunity to regain strength by beginning a course of Dr. Williams' pink pills. Go to any dealer, but avoid the substitutes often offered.

A guide to health, with useful hints to the overworked and anæmic may be had free of charge by writing to Book Dept., 46, Holborn Viaduct, London, E.C.1.

BEDSTEADS! BEDDING!

WHY PAY SHOP PRICES?

Newest patterns in Metal and Wood, Bedding, Wire Mattresses, Cots, etc. All goods sent direct from Factory to Home IN PERFECTLY NEW CONDITION. Send postcard to-day for Illustrated Price List (post free). I allow DISCOUNT FOR CASH or supply goods payable in Monthly Instalments. Established 28 years. CHARLES SILEY, Desk 16, Moor Street, BIRMINGHAM. Please mention "John Bull" when writing for Lists.

POTATO BLIGHT!

Spray your POTATOES with

COPPER SULPHATE

TO PREVENT DISEASE AND TO INCREASE YIELD.

Can be obtained through the USUAL DEALERS and MERCHANTS at a SPECIAL LOW RATE, for Spraying purposes and from

THE MOND NICKEL CO., LTD.,

Sales Office, 39, Victoria Street, S.W.1, Manufacturers.

ORDER YOUR COPPER SULPHATE NOW. No Grower is safe until he has actually secured his supply.

Repeated experiments show that

SPRAYING INCREASES the POTATO CROP by 2½ TONS

Per statute acre, and in a bad year may save the whole crop.

Mixture recommended to spray once 1 statute acre is 24 lbs. Sulphate of Copper, 30 lbs. Washing Soda, 120 gallons Water.

For full information as to method of spraying, write for Booklet on Potato Disease issued free by the Mond Nickel Co., 39, Victoria Street, S.W.1.

NO HENS HARMED

FREEMAN'S EGG SUBSTITUTE for all cakes & Pastries

Write for Booklet

SHORTHAND IN 24 HOURS

Dutton's Shorthand is the simplest high-speed system in the world. There are only 6 rules and 29 characters to learn, and the complete theory can be acquired in 24 hours. The stage reached, practice only is necessary to gain a speed of 200 words per minute. Send stamp to-day for first lesson to Dutton's Business College, Room J, Skegness.

TRY FIRST LESSON

Foster Clark's

FOSTER CLARK'S 2d. SOUPS are a most wholesome substitute for Meat. Make them your daily food.

You simply add Water

2D SOUPS

SOME PERILS OF VENEREAL DISEASE.

THE DANGER OF DELAY.

This announcement is issued by the National Council for Combating Venereal Diseases, a responsible body recognised by the Government. President, Rt. Hon. Lord Sydenham. Vice-Presidents, The Bishop of Southwark, Sir Thomas Barlow, Bart., K.C.V.O., M.D., Chairman of Propaganda, Sir Malcolm Morris, K.C.V.O., F.R.C.S.E., General Secretary, Mrs. A. C. Getto, O.B.E.

Many of those who contract Venereal Disease "hope that it is nothing" when they first detect the symptoms. They determine to "see if it gets any worse" before they go to the doctor. Nothing is more disastrous than this "wait and see" policy. Those who "wait and see" may well see terrible things. With every hour that goes by the disease, if untreated, gets a firmer grip on the system. Venereal Disease is not like measles or influenza or some epidemics which run their normal course and get well in time. If Syphilis is allowed to "run its course" it may end in General Paralysis of the Brain, in Death, or at the very least in appalling disaster to health. If Gonorrhœa is neglected it may become *permanent*, so that the afflicted person is continuously infective, a misery to self, a danger to others.

GERMS AND THEIR DUG-OUTS.

The sturdy gonococcus, the micro-organism of Gonorrhœa, burrows day by day more deeply into the tissues of the body. Once thoroughly entrenched, these germs may lurk in the system for years. People who think themselves cured find the symptoms come on again without any apparent cause, and during all this time they are a source of great danger to others, because they believe they are non-infective, whereas they are in reality highly infective, and quite unintentionally they pass on the disease—perhaps to wife or husband.

THE DANGER OF INTERRUPTED TREATMENT.

Those who have been wise enough to take immediate medical advice frequently see so rapid a disappearance of their symptoms that they no longer bother to go to their doctor or their clinic. They do not wait to be discharged, they discharge themselves. Sooner or later they pay the penalty of taking the matter in their own hands. Sooner or later the dread symptoms reappear. The patient, therefore, must wait until he gets his discharge from his doctor, but as soon as he does he can feel confident that he is cured.

Free treatments, under conditions of secrecy, are provided by the Government in most centres. All who are infected, *or who have taken a risk of infection*, should immediately go to a doctor or apply at the out patients' department of the nearest hospital, or to the local Medical Officer of Health.

Further notes will appear shortly in this paper.

DEATH TO ALL BODY VERMIN

MOSQUITOES GNATS SANDFLIES etc.

Simply rub Parasitox on Skin and Seams of Clothing.

Non-Greasy Stick 1/- each.

All Chemists, or post free

HEPPELL'S, 164, Piccadilly, W.

PARASITOX

THE SOLDIER'S FRIEND PARA-SI-TOX

'BULLETS' HOLIDAY PRIZES!

2ND Prize £20 | **FIRST £200 PRIZE** | **3RD Prize £10**

40 PRIZES of 10/- | 200 PRIZES of 5/- | 1,000 PRIZES of 2/6 | 3,000 TARGET PRIZES

And 20 HOLIDAY PRIZES of £5 each

HOW TO MAKE "BULLETS."

First choose any of the thirty-two examples given below. Then give **TWO, THREE** or **FOUR** words having some bearing on the examples chosen. Any **ONE** of the words selected must begin with **ANY** letter in the example chosen. The other words selected can begin with any letters in the alphabet. These examples will guide you. Example:—DECLINED WITH THANKS. Bullet:—SPEECH FROM PACIFIST ORATOR. Example:—MOST DANGEROUS TO. Bullet:—ARGUE WITH MAGISTRATE. Competitors may send in two BULLETS on one coupon for Sixpence. If more coupons are used, an entry-fee at the rate of 6d. for each coupon must be sent. Result of this competition will be found in our issue dated August 24th.

LIST OF EXAMPLES FOR "BULLETS" COMPETITION No. 296.

THE HUNS	BOTTOMLEY'S TASK	THE LION'S SHARE	THANKS TO JACK
STRIKING	FULL OF FIGHT	COMING OVER	GERMAN BONDS
UPSETTING BUSINESS	MAKING GOOD	A JOLLY LOT	UGLY CUSTOMER
PRESSED FOR MONEY	GLAD TO LEARN	ONLY LOVE	DECLINED WITH THANKS
SEASIDE SWEETHEART	STANDING BY	MOST DANGEROUS TO	DENSE CROWD
WHAT FATHER FANCIES	FOURTEEN DAYS' LEAVE	DEAR SHOPPING	LOSING HIS TEMPER
MANY THANKS	NOT GOOD FORM	A THICK HEAD	WINNING HAND
COMMON COMPLAINT	FORBIDDEN FRUIT	PRESENT DAY	KAISER'S PET AVERSION

No.____ Closing Date, Thursday, August 8th

Example _____

Bullet _____

Example _____

Bullet _____

(296) P.O. No._____

I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced below.

If a coupon is used P.O. for 6d. must be sent.

Signed _____

Address _____

☞ IF UNABLE TO SECURE EXTRA COUPONS YOU CAN WRITE YOUR "BULLETS" ON PLAIN PAPER.

No.____ Closing Date, Thursday, August 8th

Example _____

Bullet _____

Example _____

Bullet _____

(296) P.O. No._____

I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced below.

If a coupon is used P.O. for 1/- must be sent.

Signed _____

Address _____

ENVELOPES SHOULD BE MARKED "BULLETS" No. 296, "JOHN BULL," LONG ACRE, LONDON, W.C.2. Write "COMPETITION" in top left-hand corner of envelope

Next Week's Selection of Examples for "Bullets" Competition No. 297.

THE BRITISH LION	TOMMY'S ESCORT	IN THE CELLAR	CAN'T GET ON
HANGING ON	PEACE OFFENSIVE	CAUGHT BENDING	HAD ENOUGH
IN PARLIAMENT	BURNING HIS FINGERS	HARRY LAUDER	FIGHTING HARD
SEASIDE CHARGES	LADY HELPS	LOVELY WOMAN	WAR MEASURES
SLICE OF LUCK	TRYING TIMES	HOLIDAY TRAINS	THE KAISER'S FINISH

These examples can be made use of on the coupons above, and must reach us on or before **THURSDAY, AUGUST 15th.** All coupons so used **MUST** be clearly marked with the number **297** in the top left-hand corner, and envelopes containing these coupons must be addressed "Bullets" **No. 297,** "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C.2. Such coupons must not contain any of the thirty-two examples for competition 296.

List of 10s. Prize-winners in "Bullets" Competition 293 will be published in next week's "Competitors' Journal." Complete List of all Cash and other Prize-winners can be seen at the Offices of "John Bull."

Result of 293rd "Bullets" Competition

FIRST PRIZE OF £200.

Mr. J. WOOD,
28, Howard Park, Cleckheaton.

Example:—WHEN LOVE DEPARTS.
Bullet—"PASSION" TAKES ANOTHER FORM.

SECOND PRIZE OF £20:

Mr. WM. FRANKLAND,
8, Ravensworth Rd., Carbrook, Sheffield.

Example:—TOMMY.
Bullet:—TAKES SOME "GETTING DOWN."

THIRD PRIZE OF £10:

Mr. W. TURNER,
58, Adelaide Square, Bedford.

Example:—HAVING A SCRAP.
Bullet:—NOT AUSTRIA—ONLY "LICKINGS."

20 HOLIDAY PRIZES OF £5 EACH:

Mr. P. C. BONNAR, 9, Dixon Rd., Crosshill, Glasgow: THE FRENCH ARMY—LUDENDORFF CAN'T "ACCOUNT FOR."

Mr. J. D. ELLABY, R.N., 9, Sydney Place, Bath: ALL BRITISH—"ALIEN" TO THE PACIFIST.

Mr. M. M. PRICE, 57, Lyndhurst Road, Luton, Beds.: THE KAISER'S MISTAKE—TROOPS "BROWN UP" FOR.

Mr. H. KING, Wimborne Club, High St., Dowlais, Glam: TOMMY—OUTPUT GOVERNMENT DEPENDS UPON.

Pte. A. VICKERSTAFF, Barrack Office, A.S.C., Colchester: GERMANY WOULD LIKE—BECOMES PRETEXT FOR ANNEXATION.

(Sent in on a Free "Target" Prize Coupon.)

Mr. W. E. C. HOPE, No. 1,603, The Racecourse, Newbury: ANY OLD THING—EXCUSE FOR FLAG DAYS.

Miss ALICE COLLIER, 4, St. Paul's Rd., Thornton Heath: SO LONG—BECAUSE RUSSIA STOPPED SHORT.

Mr. H. BUCKLEY, Holme Bank Cottage, Tarvin, Cheshire: TAKEN IN—AMERICA—THEN CAME IN.

Mr. D. CONNOLLY, R.I.C., Dingle, Co. Kerry: SHOULD BE PUNISHED—BUT INSTEAD THEY'RE NATURALISED.

Mr. R. BELL, 39, Grosvenor Street, Bedford: HAVING A SCRAP—WAY BILLING SETTLES ARGUMENTS.

Mr. ERNEST STEVENS, Nurseries, Coventry: ANNOYS FATHER—SERGEANT "AT EVERY TURN."

Miss H. E. ILES, c.o. Raysfield Farm, Chipping Sodbury, near Bristol: TOMMY—ONE WORD GERMANY RESPECTS.

Mrs. ANNIE FAYERS, 19, Wilfred Av., Halton, Leeds: BUSINESS AS USUAL—NOT GERMAN "CIRCUSES" LATELY.

Mr. F. J. R. SHARMAN, 65, Kitchener Rd., Forest Gate: THE FRENCH ARMY—"IN" AND "SCORING FREELY."

Mr. J. E. BURTON, The Bungalow, Hook, Hants: A LONG DELAY—UKRAINE "SUPPLIES" AN EXAMPLE.

Mr. W. COLEMAN, Broad Street Hall, Bristol: NOTHING LIKE LEATHER—LOTS "KICKING AGAINST" IT.

Mr. J. G. BRIGGS, 73, Erskine Road, Chorley, Lancs.: THE KAISER'S MISTAKE—FORGOT BULLDOG WHEN TRESPASSING.

Mr. G. GALLANT, The Mill House, Newport Pagnell: SPECIFIC BEHAVIOUR—NEUTRALITY DURING FREE FIGHT.

Mrs. ETHEL LEIGH, Bradstone, Orsett Rd., Grays, Essex: FIT FOR SERVICE—"TOMMY" PAYS FOR KEEPING."

Mr. A. MASON, 13, East Street, Farnham, Surrey: FIT FOR SERVICE—NOT WHAT "STRUCK" PACIFIST.

BULLETS RULES. 1. The First Prize will be awarded for what, in the opinion of the Judges, in consultation with the Editor, is the best "Bullet" received, and the other prizes in order of merit, the test being cleverness, aptness and originality. The right to divide a prize or prizes among two or more competitors is reserved.

2. Bullets must be plainly written on one of the coupons, and only two attempts may be written on each coupon.

3. Both coupons may be used, but each coupon must be accompanied by a postal order for 6d. made payable to JOHN BULL and crossed ____ and Co.

Competitors must write their names and addresses and the date of sending the order on the back of the postal order, the number of which must be duly noted on each coupon submitted. Competitors sending more than one coupon may enclose one postal order for the full amount covering the number of their coupons. Coupons must not be defaced in any manner.

4. All coupons arriving too late to be judged with absolute thoroughness will be duly returned to their respective senders.

5. The Editor undertakes that every Bullet received shall have careful consideration by a competent staff of qualified judges.

6. The Editor's decision on any matter of dispute arising in connection with this competition must be accepted as final and legally binding in all respects, and acceptance of this rule is an express condition of entry.

"It's nice to get up in the morning."—*Harry Lauder.*

Oh! it's nice to get up in the morning and see Day and Martin's shine
On boots and shoes both black and tan, it really is so fine;
But when the day is rainy and it's murky overhead,
Just use Day and Martin's polish and shine at the feet instead.

Ask for DAY & MARTIN'S Boot Polish

but use it sparingly. The less you use the quicker the shine.

DAY & MARTIN, LTD., The Boot Polish Specialists, LONDON, E.15.

Song series N° 13. W.E.B.

'JOHN BULL'S' GREAT FREE WAR INSURANCE

We are giving, absolutely FREE OF CHARGE, an insurance against ZEPPELIN and all other AIR RAIDS, BOMBARDMENT, INVASION, or BLOCKADE.

Our scheme is simple and comprehensive, and does not bother about any "legal representative" or "next of kin." We shall pay the amount to the insured, who must personally sign the coupon, or to the person nominated thereon, and to no one else. The Newsagent's Order Form will keep you permanently insured during such period as this Insurance Scheme and your order to the Newsagent remain in force.

Claims must be received by us within forty-eight hours of the injury, and must be supported by such evidence as may be required by the Editor, whose decision shall be final upon all questions. Not more than one of the benefits, can be entertained in respect of any one person or home, the address of which must be registered.

We reserve to ourselves the right to limit our total payments to £10,000, and to pay not more than £5,000 in respect of claims from any one raid. Payment will be made subject to the rights which the claimant may have or acquire against any other newspaper or insurance body, we paying a proportionate amount of the total admitted claim.

Our Insurance Scheme applies exclusively to British born subjects, and those of friendly Powers in the British Isles, and not to Germans, Hungarians, Austrians, Turks or Bulgarians, even though "naturalised," nor to members of His Majesty's Forces on Active Service, although the home of the latter, situate outside military or naval premises, may be insured.

WHAT WE WILL PAY.

In respect of any registered reader (man, woman or child), who, whilst on land and in the British Isles, is killed or dies within 20 days of receiving injury from any of the events named	£200
For the loss of two limbs or both eyes, or one eye and a limb	£200
For the loss of one limb or one eye	£100
Per week for total temporary disablement for a period not exceeding 13 weeks	£3
Should his or her home become directly damaged (whether it be private residence or residence in connection with a shop) or should the contents be damaged, not exceeding	£350
Loss of one quarter's rent during rebuilding of damaged home, up to	£25
Medical fees for injuries not proving fatal, but incapacitating the injured person from following his or her usual employment for more than three days, up to	£10

ENTRY FORM

TO BE RETAINED BY NEWSAGENT.

To.....Newsagent.

.....

Please deliver JOHN BULL to me regularly until further notice.

Signed .....

Address .....

August 3rd, 1918

You must also fill in the Registration Form, which will be found next to this, and post it to JOHN BULL Insurance Dept., 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2, where your name and the name of your nominee will be duly registered.

REGISTRATION FORM

Which must be posted to—

The INSURANCE DEPT., JOHN BULL, Long Acre, W.C.2.

This is to notify that I have this day placed an order for the regular weekly supply of JOHN BULL with

.....Newsagent

of.....

and desire you to register me as a regular subscriber under the terms of your Insurance Scheme.

In the event of my being injured or killed on land within the British Isles, or of my home or its contents being damaged, I hereby nominate to receive any payment due under this insurance, first myself, or in the event of my death:—

Name of Nominee .....

Address .....

Signature of Insured.....
(Mr., Mrs., or Miss)

Home address.....

August 3rd, 1918. .....

Enclose 1d. stamp if an acknowledgment of receipt of Coupon is required.

I followed her advice

Free Fire, Aircraft and Bombardment Insurance.

At the "Midland" customers can obtain free insurance policies whereby all furniture purchased on Ideal Terms is insured against damage by Fire, Aircraft Bombs, or Hostile Bombardment.

ALMOST her first words were "Let's go to the 'Midland' Salons." She had come straight from her sister's flat, and it was simply perfect! Everything was so pretty, so artistic, and so good; and the furniture had cost a ridiculously low figure at the "Midland." So I followed her advice and went to the "Midland" Salons there and then.

Money buys more at the "Midland."

There's £100,000 worth of beautiful furniture to select from, and you've only to read the prices, all marked in plain figures, to see what splendid value the "Midland" give. You get an extra 10% discount for cash; if you furnish out of income you can arrange to pay at your own convenience on the "Midland" Ideal Terms, without being charged a single penny for interest or any extras whatsoever.

Ideal Terms

(Town or Country).

Worth.	Per Mth.
£10 ...	£0 9 6
£20 ...	0 11 0
£30 ...	0 16 6
£40 ...	1 2 0
£50 ...	1 7 6
£100 ...	2 15 0
£200 ...	5 19 0
£500 ...	13 15 0

Larger amounts pro rata.

10% Discount for Cash and War Loan Scrip.

Midland Furnishing Company, Ltd.,

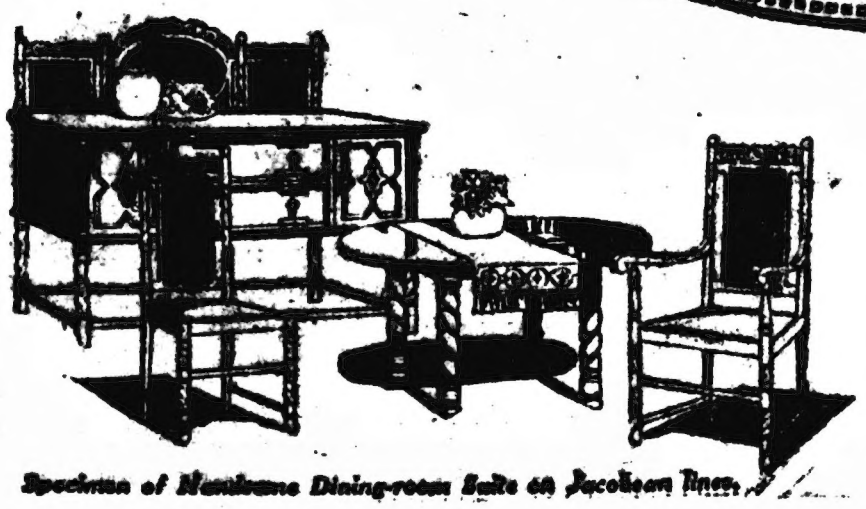
Contractors to H.M. Crown Agents for the Colonies,

13 to 23, Southampton Row, Holborn, W.C. 1.

Seven doors from Holborn and Holborn Tube Station.
1 minute from British Museum Tube Station.

Hours—9 till 6. Sats.—9 till 1.

Governing Director, GEORGE MICHAEL (who has been associated with the business for 40 years).



Specimen of Handsome Dining-room Suite in Jacobean Lines.

Rail Fares Paid

Customers' Fares to town paid on all orders of £20 and over.

Country Orders

packed free of charge and forwarded carriage paid. Orders by post carefully and personally dealt with by a Special Manager.

HOW MILLIONS OF WAR-WORKERS KEEP FRESH AND HAPPY

THE IMPORTANCE OF HEALTHFUL, BENEFICIAL "HARLENE HAIR-DRILL."

INVITATION TO EVERY READER TO WRITE FOR FREE TRIAL "HARLENE HAIR-DRILL" 6-FOLD GIFT OUTFIT.

WAR workers everywhere are the latest to bear most remarkable testimony to the amazing results of "Harlene Hair-Drill" in securing Hair-Health and Beauty, and in growing and maintaining Luxuriant and Beautiful Hair.

Further, owing to the refreshing Scalp Massage involved in the practice of "Harlene Hair Drill," a feeling of lightness and brightness and readiness for daily increased output of work is freely described by thousands of people everywhere.

A PERSONAL INVITATION.

To-day every reader of "John Bull" is given a special opportunity of personally proving to his or her own absolute satisfaction, free of charge, the truth of these facts to which so many people cordially testify (see Special Coupon offer below).

The proprietors of "Harlene Hair-Drill" wish it to be publicly known that they are prepared to dispatch to any reader of this paper a Complete Seven-Day "Harlene Hair-Drill" Outfit entirely free of charge.

In these war days, when there is an inevitable increase of various kinds of hair troubles, not only in the great munition areas, but among all who are feeling the severely testing strain of the war, there will be many hundreds of thousands—if not millions—of people who will be most intensely interested in the following interview with a young lady Munition Worker in the "London District":

MUNITION WORKER'S INTERESTING INTERVIEW.

Miss A. Robins, a London Munition Worker, was recently interviewed by a Press representative, when she expressed herself in the most emphatic terms about the marvellous virtues of "Harlene Hair-Drill." With a friend, she first accepted the generous Free Offer of a Seven Days' Trial of "Harlene Hair-Drill," because the nature of their work was damaging and injurious to the hair, owing to the chemicals and oils amidst which they work.

What was the result? This is the statement made by Miss Robins:—"We are delighted beyond measure, for we have now been using 'Harlene' for some time. For nearly six months we have been on munition work, and are as keen as ever on doing our 'bit'—just as all the other girls are—but from the start we noticed that our hair became affected.

Proof of the wonderful efficacy of "Harlene Hair-Drill" is now to hand from both man and women war workers all over the British Isles who, drawn from all classes of Society, form so great a part of the huge "Victory Army" of to-day. It is now open to YOU to prove its worth. Apply for one of the Free Gift Outfits to-day. (See Coupon below.)

KEEPING THE HAIR BRIGHT AND HEALTHY.

"Now both of us are justly proud of our hair, for we have always had long, abundant, and full tresses; so therefore, it became a matter of earnest thought to us. 'What to do?' we asked ourselves; and this has been more than answered by 'Harlene.' Our hair was never in better condition than now—healthy, glossy, and not a trace of weakness. It is remarkable how many of us are using 'Harlene,' and the result is always the same."

SPLENDID FREE GIFT.

The Proprietors of "Harlene" will send you a Free Trial Outfit, on receipt of your application and the Free Coupon. The Gift Outfit is as follows:—

1. A Bottle of "Harlene," the true Liquid Food for the Hair, which stimulates it to new growth.
2. A Packet of the marvellous Hair and Scalp-Cleansing "Cremex" Shampoo, which prepares the head for "Hair-Drill."
3. A bottle of "Uzon" Brilliantine, which gives a final touch of beauty to the hair, and especially beneficial to those whose scalp is inclined to be "dry."
4. A copy of the New Edition of the "Hair-Drill" Manual, giving complete instructions.

"HARLENE" FOR MEN ALSO.

Men, too, find that "Harlene" prevents Scalp Irritation, Dandruff, and a tendency to Baldness. It is no exaggeration to say that millions of men and women in all walks of life practise the refreshing and beneficial "Hair-Drill" daily, and so preserve hair-health and beauty.

You can always obtain further supplies of any of the preparations from your local chemist: "Harlene" at 1/1½, 2/9, and 4s. 6d. per bottle. Solidified Harlene, for Soldiers, Sailors, Travellers, etc., in tins at 2s. 9d. with full directions. "Cremex" Shampoo Powders at 1/1½ per box of 7 shampoos (single packets 2d. each). "Uzon" Brilliantine at 1s. 1½d. and 2s. 9d. per bottle. If you have any difficulty in obtaining supplies, any or all of these preparations will be sent to you post-free on receipt of price direct from Edwards' Harlene Ltd., 20, 22, 24 and 26, Lamb's Conduit-street, W.C.1. Carriage extra on foreign orders. Cheques and P.O.'s should be crossed.

"HARLENE" GIFT COUPON.

Detach and post to EDWARDS' HARLENE LTD., 20, 22, 24, 26, Lamb's Conduit St., London, W.C.1.

Dear Sirs,—Please send me your Free "Harlene" Four Fold Hair-Growing Outfit as announced. I enclose 4d. in stamps for postage and packing to my address.

NOTE TO READER.

Write your full name and address clearly on a plain piece of paper, pin this Coupon to it, and post as directed above. (Mark envelope "Sample Dept.")

"John Bull," 3/8/18.

THE "JOHN BULL" GUARANTEE.

We guarantee the goods advertised by every firm whose trade announcement appears in JOHN BULL, i.e., we hold ourselves responsible for their being of the quality and standard represented at the time of purchase and the date of payment, either in full or of first instalment, and if any reader can show just cause that goods made through any trade advertisement in our columns, we will refund the purchase money, provided the goods are returned with the purchaser's name and address of original purchase, all communications should be addressed to "John Bull," Advertisement Department, London, W.C.2.

Weak, Nervous, Dyspeptic.

10 Years' Sufferer finds new Health.

Mrs. Anthony

Mrs. S. E. Anthony, 64, Stone Cross Lane, Lowton, Newtown-le-Willows, says: "I had suffered with my nerves and a general run-down feeling for more than ten years. There was no strength in me, and over all was an awful depression that I could not shake off. My appetite was very bad, and food always caused wind and palpitation. There was also a severe pain in my right side. My sleep was broken and disturbed, and when I got up I was as weak as when I went to bed. As for my nerves, they would not let me sit still.

"All sorts of things I tried during those years, but I only got weaker all the time till I tried Dr. Cassell's Tablets. Then my health improved at last. My strength came back, and soon I was as well as ever in my life."

Dr. Cassell's Tablets.

Dr. Cassell's Tablets are the safest and most effective home treatment for:

Nervous Breakdown	Nervous Debility	Indigestion	Palpitation
Nerve Paralysis	Sleeplessness	Stomach Disorder	Premature Decay
Spinal Weakness	Anæmia	Mal-Nutrition	Loss of Flesh
Infantile Paralysis	Kidney Trouble	Wasting Diseases	Brain Fag.

Specially valuable for nursing Mothers and during the critical periods of Life.

Sold by Chemists and Stores in all parts of the world, including leading Chemists in Australia, New Zealand, Canada, Africa, and India. Prices: 1s. 3d. and 3s., the 3s. size being the more economical.

FREE INFORMATION.—If you desire further information about Dr. Cassell's Tablets, write to us, describing your own case, and we will advise as to suitability. Address: DR. CASSELL'S CO., LTD., Chester Rd., Manchester.

Will YOU Employ A Disabled Man?

IT COSTS YOU £0:0:0

Our Clothes Renovation Service costs you nothing really, for your suits and overcoats last two or three times as long when you

SEND THEM TO THE BRITISH

and you always appear well groomed; trousers faultless; coats creaseless; no loose buttons or worn buttonholes; no spots or shabbiness. We clean, attend to minor repairs, re-shape and press in best West-end style for 7/6 per suit, overcoat, or ordinary uniform. Yearly valet service at low charges. Write for particulars.

British Tailoring & Repairing Co.

34-38, Great College Street, London, N.W.1.

Telephones: North 2882, 2883.

Free collection and delivery anywhere within 15 miles of Charing Cross. Country and Army and Navy abroad use parcel post. We post back free.

PLAYER'S

"Country Life" Cigarettes

(MEDIUM STRENGTH)

Pure Virginia Tobacco

10 for 5d.

50 for 2/0½

These cigarettes are also supplied at Duty Free Rates for the purpose of gratuitous distribution to wounded Soldiers and Sailors in Hospital.

Terms and particulars on application to—

JOHN PLAYER & SONS, Nottingham.

Branch of the Imperial Tobacco Co. (of Great Britain and Ireland), Ltd. P126

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